

SENATOR HANNA OUTLINES HIS LIFE-WORK

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



Edited
by

Joe
Mitchell
Chapple

FEBRUARY

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1904

1904

THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO. (Ltd.), 41 WEST FIRST STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.

ENGLISH OFFICE: 10 NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, LONDON

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"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"

The above is Captain Arthur McGray's idea of one of the coming events—when the American eagle will supply his need of another wing by taking the southern half of the western hemisphere for that purpose. And Canada too, will sometime, perhaps, just naturally come under the eagle's wing—and be glad to get there.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1904

No. 5



Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

MR. ROOT retires, to renew his law practice in New York, and Judge Taft comes from the Philippines to take his place at the head of the war department. This office, by the way, was held by Judge Taft's father, in Grant's day. In a recent personal interview, given to Walter Wellman for the Review of Reviews, the president declared his belief that Mr. Root is the ablest statesman who has been in public life on either side of the Atlantic during his time. Yet no one doubts that Judge Taft will maintain the high standard of administration which Mr. Root gave the department, and the president has been generally congratulated upon obtaining for that post a man of Judge Taft's great and proved executive ability. Whatever doubt a certain section of the press may pretend to feel, concerning Mr. Roosevelt's administrative powers, none can deny that he displays wisdom in surrounding himself with counselors of the highest class. General Luke Wright of Tennessee, who succeeds Judge Taft as governor of the Philippines, has been vice-governor there for some time past and is thoroughly acquainted with the problems he will have to solve.

The president, without assuming to dictate to the republican national committee, expressed a wish that Mr. Root

might be chosen its chairman, to manage the campaign this Fall. Mr. Root declined to consider the honor. Senator Hanna, the president's first choice, having still earlier refused, on account of the state of his health, to manage the next campaign, it is now thought that either former Governor Crane of Massachusetts or Governor Murphy of New Jersey will be chosen to head the committee.

Recognition of an improved condition in the prospects of the national democracy is not withheld by the republican leaders. Senator Platt characterizes the democracy of this year as "sane and dangerous," and advises republicans to prepare for a hard fight. John Sharp Williams, democratic floor leader in the house, has grown more in the esteem of the general public than any other man on the democratic side during the month last past. He is said to be the best educated man in congress—certainly he is one of the shrewdest and most far-seeing lead-



CAPTAIN D. A. LOEFFLER, DOORKEEPER OF THE WHITE HOUSE

ers. Gorman's candidacy for the democratic presidential nomination has perceptibly waned. He perhaps gained strength in the South, where his party is already too strong for its own health, when he raised the color line in Maryland politics, but good politicians in both parties say he hurt his chances of

carrying northern states by that same action. The democrats are apparently not yet able to agree upon any candidate and the chances are that this difficulty will grow rather than lessen as time passes. Mr. Bryan is believed to favor William Randolph Hearst, but most of the conservative eastern leaders ridicule this suggestion. They say the party's only chance is to name either Cleveland—spite of his declination in advance—or Richard Olney of Massachusetts, or Judge Parker of New York—"some one who can carry New York state."

THE capital, which is a great theatrical city, shared the whole country's grief and apprehension flowing from the fearful disaster in the Iroquois theater in Chicago, where nearly 600 persons, most of them women and children, lost their lives. The thought that at any time a similar horror might be enacted in one of the Washington theaters, filled, as these theaters usually are, with men and women of prominence from all parts of the country, has aroused the authorities to greater vigilance. Here, as in all other American cities, every precaution against such disasters will be rigidly insisted upon. Out of all the discussion that has been caused by the Chicago theater fire, perhaps the best bit of wisdom was the suggestion that *"theater managers could do no better stroke of business than to give their houses a reputation for safety."* The first prayer made by Reverend Edward Everett Hale in the senate, of which body he is now chaplain, touched upon this pitiful slaughter of the innocents at Chicago. Dr. Hale's first appearance before the senate was distinguished by the public and by the senators alike, and before he could leave the chamber, the famous young old man was warmly greeted by scores of the members in person.

JUDGING from hearsay and newspaper talk, the opposition to the president

within his own party, if it does not bulk larger than a month ago, is no less persistent. Naturally it attaches itself to Senator Hanna, notwithstanding his frank statement that he is not a candidate, not simply because he seems to be the strongest man, but also because they like him and believe he would be a great president. A curious example of the "deadly parallel" appeared recently in the Washington Post. It expresses not so much an active opposition to the president as the feeling, amounting almost to a popular superstition, that it is impossible for a man who comes to the presidency through the death of a president to be himself elected to that office. I reproduce this "parallel," though without sharing the writer's evident belief in its "deadly" character:

ARTHUR—ROOSEVELT

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF AFTER TWO DECADES

In June, 1880, an Ohio man, James A. Garfield, who had been conspicuous in the lower house of congress, was nominated by the republicans for president.

A New York man, Chester A. Arthur, was nominated for vice-president.

Soon after his inauguration President Garfield was assassinated.

Vice President Arthur became president.

President Arthur soon had to deal with corruption in the postal service.

Discord arose among the republicans of New York state.

President Arthur made no secret of the fact that he desired the nomination in 1884.

President Arthur had the support of the New York leaders.

The convention of 1884 was called to meet at Chicago in June.

The situation in New York state gave concern to the republican leaders.

The democrats went to New York state for their presidential candidate.

President Arthur was defeated for the republican nomination.

In June, 1900, an Ohio man, William McKinley, who had been conspicuous in the lower house of congress, was nominated by the republicans for president.

A New York man, Theodore Roosevelt, was nominated for vice-president.

Soon after his inauguration President McKinley was assassinated.

Vice-President Roosevelt became president.

President Roosevelt soon had to deal with corruption in the postal service.

Discord arose among the republicans of New York state.

President Roosevelt has made no secret of the fact that he desires the nomination in 1904.

President Roosevelt has the support of the New York leaders.

The convention of 1904 has been called to meet at Chicago in June.

The situation in New York state gives concern to the republican leaders.

The democrats are looking to New York state for their presidential candidate.

Will President Roosevelt be defeated for the republican nomination?

CUBA has at last got her coveted reciprocity treaty, giving her a reduction of some twenty-five per cent. in tariffs on goods imported into this country. The democrats are still debating the Panama treaty, but no one doubts it will be confirmed. So far as concerns foreign affairs, interest centers chiefly in the Far East, where Japan and Russia are at each other's throats. American sympathy is with Japan, which is fighting the battle of all the rest of the world for freedom of trade in Manchuria and Corea. Secretary Hay, having finally got China to make a treaty opening Mukden and one other Manchurian port to American trade, has put a spoke in the wheel of the Russian chariot. War between Japan and Russia seems inevitable—Japan fighting for her life and Russia for more land over which to spread her mantle of ignorance, oppression and trade exclusion—but just when hostilities will



MRS. FAIRBANKS, WIFE OF THE SENATOR FROM INDIANA AND PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

begin, no one in Washington pretends to know. It may be on when you read this.

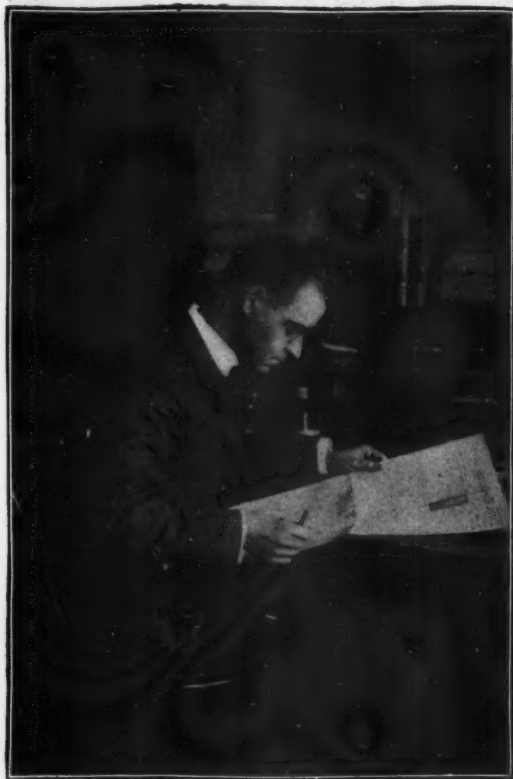
At first glance, this Far-Eastern trouble might seem so remote that Americans could have no very great interest in it, other than sympathetic. But this is far from being the whole truth. The chances are that when Japan engages in war with Russia, China will join Japan in the field, since China has more to lose than even Japan should the latter be beaten by Russia. Once the Czar's armies had swept Japan's troops out of their path, nothing could save China from slow but certain absorption by the European powers, led by Russia. And

if China joins forces with Japan, this will call France into the field, for France's treaty of alliance with Russia provides that if Russia be attacked by more than one power, France must come to her ally's rescue. Similarly, when France joins Russia, the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance will become operative, and Great Britain will have to join the fray, her ally having then been attacked by two powers.

Germany's attitude outwardly is one of neutrality, but European statesmen are unable to explain Russia's cool defiance of the sentiment of the whole world on any other basis than that the

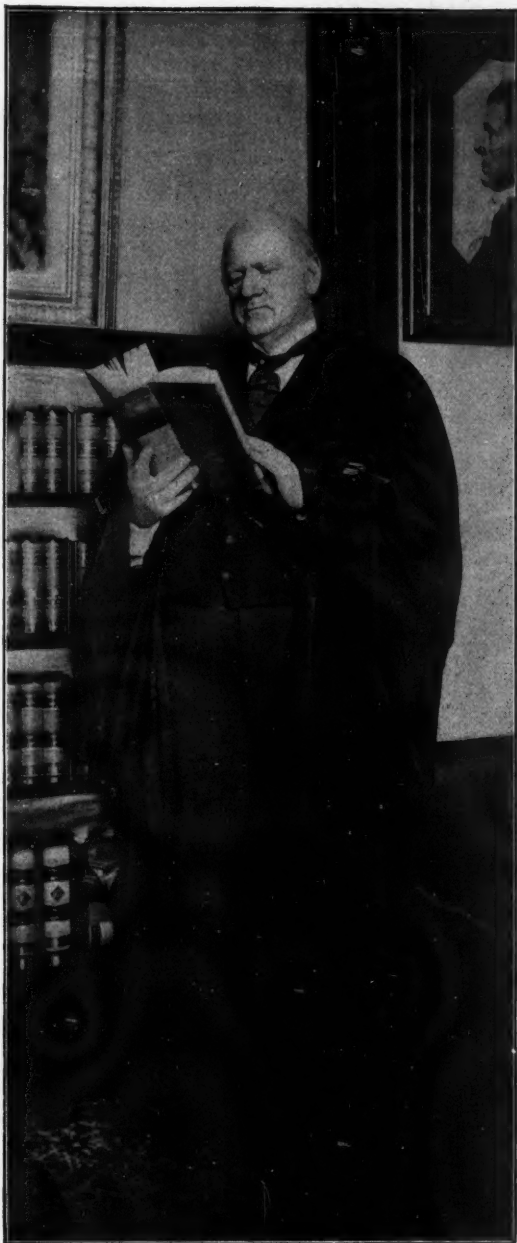
Czar has Germany's secret promise of aid in his battle.

With Great Britain fighting on the side of the Japs and France on the side of the Russians, there would not be, as Harper's Weekly points out, any sea on earth where naval combats might not be expected to take place. And an attempt would undoubtedly be made to cut off American food shipments to Great Britain. This the United States would resist with all the power at her command. Taken altogether, the conditions seem ripe for a world-war, though it may turn out, as a Japanese statesman predicts, that the fighting will end within a few weeks after it begins. Russia is variously reported to have from 135,000 to 400,000 armed men in Manchuria. Japan has 500,000 soldiers in arms, and could throw most of them into Corea within a month. The first clash will come on the sea, where Japan seems now to be stronger than Russia.



Photograph by E. F. Halsey

W. W. JERMAINE, WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE MINNEAPOLIS EVENING JOURNAL



JUSTICE HARLAN

JAMES B. McCREARY, the junior senator from Kentucky, has a great fondness for Justice John M. Harlan of the United States supreme court, who is also a Kentuckian. Away back in 1879, Senator McCreary and Justice Harlan were opponents in a campaign for the governorship of that state. Mr. McCreary was the nominee of the democrats and Mr. Harlan the republican standard-bearer. There was an exchange of challenges for a joint debate and each wired his acceptance. They engaged in over sixty joint debates, and while the argument was frequently fast and furious and sometimes of a personal nature, the principals in the contest slept, ate and traveled together, and off the platform they were fast friends, and, leaving out politics, were very congenial.

"When we would retire at night in the same bed," said Senator McCreary in talking of the campaign, "Harlan never failed to say: 'McCreary, there is one thing certain — this bed holds the next governor of Kentucky.' The last night before the campaign found us in a county not touched by a railroad. We had spoken and had gone to a farm-house to spend the night. The bed in the room to which we were assigned was high and old-fashioned. We rolled in, and Harlan as usual said: 'Well, McCreary, one thing is

certain—the next governor of the floor in a heap and rolled into the Kentucky is in this bed.’ middle of the room and I was left in



Photograph copyright, 1903, by Ullmedinst

SERENO E. PAYNE OF NEW YORK, CHAIRMAN OF THE HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE AND REPUBLICAN LEADER ON THE FLOOR.

“Suddenly the slats on Harlan’s side the bed; and I said: ‘Yes, I think this bed gave way, and the present justice fell on holds the next governor of Kentucky.’

"The next day I was elected by an overwhelming majority, and every time I see Justice Harlan I tell him that

THE real zest of a trip to Washington during a session would be lacking were it not for the side chats and social



Photograph copyright, 1903, by Clinedinst

SURGEON-GENERAL O'REILLY, UNITED STATES ARMY

I have never been able to understand how that bed knew what the voice of the people would be."

amenities of the hotel lobby. While resting on a settee at the New Willard, an old-time editor told me of the days

of James G. Blaine and Samuel J. Randall:

"Blaine was more bitterly hated by members of his own party than by the democrats, and I recall seeing him often in company with Randall. Blaine was my ideal of a handsome, magnetic man. His white beard gave him a robust maturity and dignity, without a suggestion of the senility of old age. His flashing eye and quick retort had a touch of the dramatic. He always wrote out his speeches carefully to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding, but the delivered address always surpassed the one that he had prepared in advance. He would commit whole paragraphs, but in the spontaneous impulse of the moment would beautify and add so much, to say nothing of the magnetic delivery, that it was impossible fully to appreciate

one of Blaine's speeches without having heard him. To a young reporter who was trying to fix up an account of a speech which had not been given out, Blaine said:

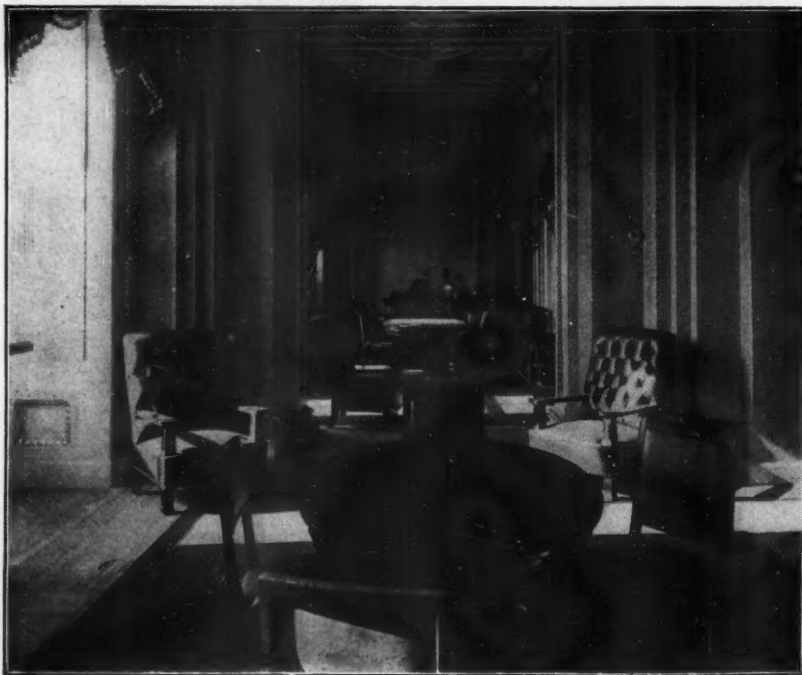
"'Young man, always write out a speech better than it was delivered, or you will never be properly appreciated by the orator.'

"The reporter submitted his draft.

"'Good! Good!' said the Maine statesman. 'That's just what I had in mind to say, but you said it better. Your future is assured.'

"That reporter is a congressman today, and permits the other boys to fix up the reports of his speeches."

ON December 4, 1903, the membership of the house of representatives of the fiftyeighth congress was completed when



CLOAK ROOM, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter, former United States minister to Guatemala, was sworn in as the representative of the eleventh district of Kentucky. In 1895 Dr. Hunter was the nominee of the Kentucky republican caucus for United States senator. The present senior senator from that state, J. C. S. Blackburn, was the democratic nominee, and over a thousand ballots were taken by the legislature to no purpose. The deadlock could not be broken, and while the democrats made a desperate effort to elect Blackburn, they were countered at every turn by the republicans under the shrewd leadership of Hunter. Dr. Hunter's ability to foresee and circumvent the tricks of the opposition gave him the soubriquet, "The Gum-shoe Statesman." He failed to land the senatorship himself, but he succeeded in preventing Blackburn's election and had the satisfaction of sending William J. Deboe, a republican, to represent Kentucky in the upper house of congress. After Mr. McKinley's first election "the Gum-shoe Statesman" was appointed minister to Guatemala. He recently returned to Kentucky and was elected to congress to succeed the late Vincent Boreing.

When Dr. Hunter returned to his seat in the house after having been sworn in by Speaker Cannon, he was presented with a huge floral design sent by admiring Kentuckians. The design represented two big "gum shoes" and was held together by a white ribbon, on which was the inscription "Statesman." The doctor appreciated the joke and fully half the members of the house visited his seat to greet the "Gum-shoe Statesman" from Kentucky.

OVERLOOKING the new entrance to the White House are two windows in the Treasury building. Behind these windows, at a well-ordered desk, sits a man with keen black eyes, who has a quick way of determining from the



ROBERT SHAW OLIVER, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR

merest trifles most important conclusions. The experiences of John E. Wilkie, head of the United States secret service, would fill a book with facts more thrilling than the fiction that has immortalized Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. Back of Chief Wilkie is a noted picture of a masked highwayman. This picture is so drawn that no matter how many persons are looking at it, the figure is apparently pointing his gun directly at each one at the same time. This drawing was made by a cowboy to corroborate the evidence of several passengers, robbed in a stage-coach hold-up, that the highwayman *pointed the gun directly at them*. On the walls are other paintings, seized by the government because they represented United States money. One artist had portrayed a popular dream, with several barrels filled and running over with United States bank



JOHN E. WILKIE

notes. The law is no respecter of artistic impulse, when it comes to the representation of United States money, stamps or bonds.

It is one thing to make money, but another thing to protect it. With over 600 cases of counterfeiters on hand every year, it will be seen that the twenty-five districts of the secret service are kept busy. Two cabinets back of the chief's desk fly open, revealing carefully numbered portraits of every living "suspect." It is a singular fact that in all the at-

tempts made at counterfeiting none has ever been long successful, and none has ever been the work of a dishonest government employe.

In Chief Wilkie's drawer are the counterfeit English bank-notes which the United States secret service men ran down; and they had hard work, at first, to convince the British authorities that the notes were counterfeit. The notes were detected by a slight difference in the justification or alignment in the water-mark. The most notable case in the records of the department was the capture and conviction of the Jacobs gang at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Jacobs was a cigar manufacturer, and was first engaged in counterfeiting internal revenue stamps, out of which he made \$125,000, and grew ambitious to carry out a plan of floating \$10,000 of "green goods." They were working on Monroe \$100-bill plates, and had procured the stock by splitting one-dollar bills and bleaching the paper. The young men in the scheme with Jacobs tried to float \$10,000 of the bills on their

own hook, feeling so positive of the work. The red-ink stamp on the bills was slightly off-color, and this raised suspicion; it was a salmon tint instead of the carmine ink which the government makes for its exclusive use. The bills were pronounced genuine by experts at first, but there was a slight shading on the figures, and a U that did not tally when examined by the lynx-eyed chief and his secret service men. For fourteen months the secret service worked to get a clew, renting rooms opposite

the suspects. The Monroe \$100 bills were soaked in water and fell apart; then came the real work of obtaining cent paper-maker was engaged to make a water-mark for "wrappers" on bottles for the "Indian Rheumatic Ulman



Photograph copyright, 1903, by Olmedinat

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN HIS ROBES OF OFFICE

evidence. The internal revenue stamp counterfeit was discovered. An inno- Syrup," *I R U S*, the same color and texture as revenue stamps, but there was

a difference in the space between the initial letters "Internal Revenue United States" that led to detection.

Jacobs was a desperate schemer who said afterward: "It was \$10,000,000 or ten years. We took the gambler's chance and lost." He had associated with him young Kendig, a college man and clever promoter, two expert engravers, a paper-maker and an ex-policeman of Lancaster, who knew every one and was to guard the "workers" in the attic of his tobacco house. Even after the young engravers were arrested and held as witnesses, they made a plate in jail, which was offered to the government, in hopes to win a release, but without result. Thirty secret service men worked on the case without a leak for over a year.

Chief Wilkie and his men go at their work with all the intensity of chess players—concentrating every thought and energy on the work in hand. The

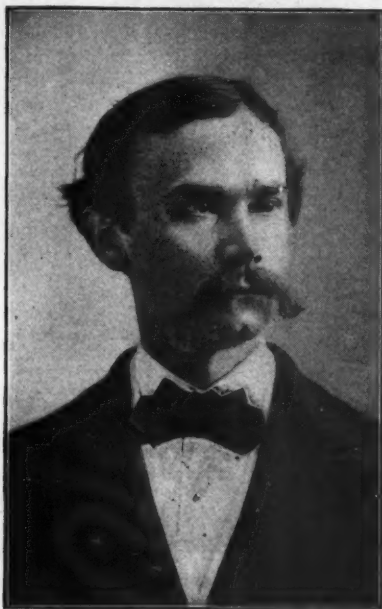
United States secret service is acknowledged to be the best of any government, and is like a great machine: the old veterans are constantly being recruited, and the public hears little of this department. The bravery, keenness and coolness of the men is inspired by a realization of the importance of the work entrusted to them. They are out to win.

Every piece of money can be traced from Washington until it is returned, superannuated and unfit for service.

THE guides at the Capitol in Washington are appointed by the sergeant-at-arms and serve without pay. They have many interesting stories to tell as they pass through the corridors at the head of a troop of tourists. It is interesting to hear a chapter of the story they relate in passing. The tour usually concludes at the portico on the west front of the Capitol, where, with an imposing gesture, the famous gold-plated dome of the library building is pointed out, and the information given in one ponderous, palpitating breath that \$90,000 worth of gold was consumed in covering that dome. Then the hat is passed and Professor Guide receives the reward for his eloquent climax concerning the gilded dome. He holds the hat like an inverted black dome and his suggestion of gold is in anticipation of the real coin. Each day's fees are divided equally among the guides, and the average receipt of each is gold coin to the amount of about \$5 fee simple or simple fee, whichever way you want the phrase to read.

A story is told of the extra guides put out during a rush. The group in charge of one extra guide stood before the painting of De Soto discovering the Mississippi. The natural inquiry was made—"What is that?" The guide promptly responded with a solemn and knowing air:

"That, ladies and gentlemen, is a crowd of drunken Indians trying to



JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, AS HE APPEARED IN 1872

cross the Mississippi on horseback!" Heroic shade of De Soto in the idealization of fame!

Some of the tourists are of an inquiring frame of mind and ask the guide to point out places where the liquor was once sold in the Capitol. This question is asked by fervent temperance people who cannot resist the impulse to look upon the place as a plague-spot. As the spot—significant of conquered (or baffled) appetites—is surveyed there are side glances at the spacious refrigerators which occupy a strategic, if not a prominent, place in the committee-rooms on both sides of the Capitol. One thing must be observed—that liquor as a lubricant of a political career in Washington is no longer regarded as essential to highest statesmanship, but rather as a red-light danger signal—a menace of shattered hopes and wrecked careers.

THERE was a peculiar pleasure in visiting the handsome new building of the Evening Star in Washington, in company with W. E. Price of the White House, representative of the editorial staff. Although I had passed it many times I had no idea how magnificent were the interior appointments; it is safe to say that no newspaper office in the world surpasses it. In the counting-room are mural decorations that suggest the splendid paintings at the congressional library. The interior is solid onyx. The office of the publisher,



CAMPBELL SLEMP OF BIG STONE GAP, THE ONLY REPUBLICAN REPRESENTATIVE FROM VIRGINIA

Mr. Kauffman, and the editor, Mr. Noyes, is extremely handsome; no government position could attract the happy occupant of such an office.

The newsroom was particularly interesting, and at first it seemed impossible



MRS. HANSBROUGH, THE WIFE OF THE SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

to believe it was a newspaper office, harking back to experiences with rickety stairs, plasterless walls, low ceilings and dust-bedimmed windows; but here all is spotless, with pneumatic tubes and telephones attached to handsome roll-top desks. There is here a spirit of cooperation and mutual interest which is refreshing. A Star club, consisting of a number of the employes of the paper occupies two rooms, where the members enjoy all the comforts of home as well

as the variety of club life. The Evening Star is one of the old publications in Washington, and has come to be looked upon almost as an institution; the Washingtonian would scarcely consider his evening dinner complete unless he had first read the Evening Star. Washington is fortunate in its newspapers, and, for its size, is better equipped in this respect than any other city in the United States.

WHEN I travel about this country and am greeted, thousands of miles away from home, by readers of the National, I feel at once an established acquaintanceship. It is not the good things they say about the magazine that please me most; it is the kindly, friendly, social greeting which

they offer that I most appreciate. There is a purpose in the National Magazine, a broad, patriotic purpose—American to the core. If you have missed this in the National, missed being brought into touch with our great country in feeling as well as in information; if you have missed getting a glimpse of the personalities in public affairs who make events, you have certainly missed a part of the value of your dollar investment.



UNITED STATES SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA OF OHIO

Socialism and the Labor Unions

BY MARCUS A. HANNA

I HAVE always been a firm believer in the power of education, whether in politics, religion or business; and there has never been a people more susceptible to the power and influence of education

than the American people. Although I came upon the political field rather late in life, I was deeply impressed by the wonderful manner in which the people of this country can be made to under-

stand a direct, logical proposition. The campaign of 1896 was to me an education, and brought home the belief that human nature is pretty much the same all the world over; that the fundamental basis of right success, as it appears to me, is fairness and justice; and that the simpler the proposition can be made the more effective it is going to be with the people at large.

There is no more engrossing question than that of the relation between labor and capital, which seems the paramount issue today. In the dawn of a new century, looking back over our history, we are almost bewildered by the great and wonderful progress of the country; and no matter how we may demur against the changes that are thrusting themselves upon us, we must, sooner or later, grapple with the question—the serious problem—of the adjustment of these matters, instead of trying to turn back to conditions that have passed. Is it not better courageously and manfully to face the proposition of the future, and make an united effort to settle it? With our beloved country, possessed of greater physical advantages than any other portion of the globe; possessed of the benefits of a cosmopolitan population; standing foremost in the ranks of social industry and advancement, we have a heavy responsibility in proportion to the blessings we enjoy. The tendency has been to study economics purely from a political standpoint, and my experience has led me to believe that there are social and moral phases of the relations between labor and capital often lost sight of in the eager pursuit of gain. My attention was called to these things after the great strike in the coal mines of Ohio, in which I was indirectly interested, and it was then that I concluded that the first thing to be done was to adjust conditions in a straightforward manner.

It cannot be denied that there was a popular prejudice against union labor

as an imported article. It came to us with the tide of immigration from the old world, where it was bred among conditions which do not and cannot exist in America, where the mighty advantages of popular education are free to all.

It must never be forgotten that organized labor is an older institution than organized capital. The instinct of workmen to band together to protect themselves is no more to be wondered at than the same instinct when shown on the part of capital. Now, my plan is to have organized union labor Americanized in the best sense and thoroughly educated to an understanding of its responsibilities, and in this way to make it the ally of the capitalist, rather than a foe with which to grapple.

It is often asked what is to become of the non-organized consumer if an amicable alliance is made between labor and capital. But there is no such middle group as this question implies. There is no other group than that of either labor or capital: every man belongs either to the one or the other, when you stop to think of it; for that matter, he is likely to belong to both.

The systematic work of education was begun during the past five years by the Civic Federation. I took some time to consider the work of the Federation, and am firmly convinced that it is the object to which I desire to consecrate the remaining years of my life. I fully appreciate that it is a long struggle, but the progress already made under the motto of the Civic Federation—the Golden Rule—has surpassed even my most sanguine expectations; and I am sure that the American people will sustain a policy, based upon the highest moral and social impulse, which will eliminate the passionate prejudices that now exist between capital and labor.

We oppose the sympathetic strike, and this view was most heroically endorsed by the action of the Mine-Work-

ers' Association at Indianapolis during the great coal-mine strike in Pennsylvania. We oppose also the boycott. We disapprove of the restriction of production to enhance values, and all these beliefs are being gradually adopted, not only by union labor, but by cool-headed and far-seeing representatives of capital. The decayed code of principles and policy that has no true harmony with the spirit of the age—which is *Business*—is passing away. It is so easy on the floor of a convention for one or two inflammatory speakers to set on fire the passions of their hearers, whereas the mature deliberations of the committee will hold in check such feelings as might be otherwise fanned into revolution. It must be considered that heretofore big capitalists, or the employing interests, have had the advantage, because there were more workmen than there was work. But conditions have changed, and for every workman, on an average, there are two jobs now in the heyday of our prosperity; and it is expecting too much of human nature to suppose that workingmen shall not desire a larger share of the profits. Has not this motive been the stimulating incentive of the men who are managing business affairs? We cannot justly expect more from the man who has not been educated on the side of capital than we do from those who are thinkers and scholars, and have inherited these qualities for generations; and no one who is acquainted with union labor for the past five years can fail to recognize the wonderful advancement that has been made in conservative, cool-headed, and thoroughly practical management of these matters by the workingmen themselves. This is coming to be more and more realized as the one great purpose in union labor, and when the men in that great mine-workers' convention decided to adopt the report of the committee, after it had struggled through an all-night session,

and then manfully stood by their word unanimously, it cast a ray of light on a difficult problem, and also enlisted the interest and sympathy of the American people in the welfare of these toilers in the dark.

Every man is vulnerable in some part, and it is a rare thing to find any man proof against methods of kindness and justice. Labor organizations may be open to sharp criticism at times, but it cannot be fairly stated that they are always wrong. If every man is treated as a *man*, and an appeal made to his heart, as well as to his reason, it will establish a bond of confidence as a sure foundation to build upon. This is the condition that is aimed at by the Civic Federation—absolute confidence on both sides. Many of the ills that have crept into labor organizations are importations from older countries and will not live here because they are not fitted to our conditions. While labor unions may have been a curse to England, I believe that they will prove a boon to our own country, when a proper basis of confidence and respect is established. We have, perhaps, been too busy and too engrossed in our rapid expansion to look upon the ethical side of this question, and forgot that two factors contributed to the prosperity of our nation—the man who works with his hands, and the man who works with his head: partners in toil who ought to be partners also in the profits of that toil.

All strikes do not originate in a demand for higher wages. There are other grievances. With the great army of employees necessary to our industrial institutions it is quite impossible for each individual to receive such close consideration at the hands of his employer as in earlier days might have been accorded, and it is to meet this condition that we have to adopt the propositions of union labor, and press forward the campaign of education, which means reason

on both sides, though it is too much to expect altogether to change the great current of selfishness on both sides. If there are enough people actuated by the right motives, it can be done in a great measure, and a feeling of fellowship established that will obviate to a large extent the disastrous effects of the strike.

We must make the hundreds of thousands coming from a lower social condition in the old world, feel that prejudice against the government is futile and unnecessary, and that they have a large share of the responsibility for the wise ordering of business conditions. All this takes time. Coming to us unlettered and untaught, it remains for us to show what we can do for the next generation, and it is to them we must look to properly assimilate and carry out the American ideals of trade and industry.

It is truly astonishing to consider what trivial disagreements have occasioned some of the most serious strikes. I have seen two parties stand apart, each with a chip on his shoulder, defying his opponent to knock it off, and moved by emotions and considerations that were very far from promoting the welfare of either party. There is more to overcome in the way of feeling on the part of capital than on the part of labor. Capital has been for many generations entrenched behind its power to dictate conditions, whether right or wrong, and the abrogation of this power is not going to weaken, in the least degree, the strength of the hitherto dominant party, for no better investment exists for a manufacturing institution or a corporation than the hearty cooperation and good feeling of the employees. If we go upon this hypothesis, it seems to me quite possible that all differences may be obviated in the future by the proverbial ounce of prevention which is worth a pound of cure. As in our national legislation, and in successful business corporations, a large part of

the best initiative comes from the careful deliberations of the committee-room and the conference, so may this national and almost universal question be met and successfully settled in the same way.

The menace of today, as I view it, is the spread of a spirit of socialism, one of those things which is only half understood, and is more or less used to inflame the popular mind against all individual initiative and personal energy, which has been the very essence of American progress. While this spirit of socialism has caused apprehension in some quarters, it has been joyfully received by a certain class of people, who do not desire to acquire competence in the ordinary and honest manner, and gladly seize any excuse for agitating the public mind, on the chance of putting money in their own pockets: the men who are described as having "no stake in the country."

My own impression is confirmed by information from laboringmen that socialism, in the European sense of the word, will never find a firm footing in America. There is a spirit of cooperation or community of interests which some people may confound with socialism, that is making headway with us; but when anyone attempts, for political or financial reasons, to advocate the whole program of European socialism, he will find little prospect of the seed's taking root in American soil. This, I think, was demonstrated very conclusively in the Ohio campaign, where higher socialism was brought forth as an issue. When the people understand this subject in its fullest sense, and some of the mysteries, and the fascinating glamor connected with the mysterious, that now shrouds the subject, are torn away, and it is seen plainly, it will be found to be repellant to American ideas of integrity and honesty. Its objects will be seen to be the very opposite of those desired both by labor and capital alike, since it gives

no aid toward the building up and development of the country, nor does it guarantee each man a chance to make a home for himself. Fairness and justice will never agree to the confiscation of the products of one's man's toil in order to insure comfort to the idle and worthless. The old law of compensation is operative now as ever. No "ism" is wanted by the American people that will take from any citizen the just and equitable reward of his labor. There is always a likelihood of movements of this kind fascinating people who have met with a degree of failure in their own efforts; but it is a short-sighted policy to destroy the fabric of national union in order to promulgate a doctrine the very essence of which is selfishness. I believe a single vigorous campaign of agitation would quickly show what support these doctrines may expect from the American people, as has been proven over and over along these lines. As a general rule, the American people are pretty level-headed.

Now, I do not mean that those who have taken up socialism should be roundly scored and abused, for a great many of these are honest and sincere in their belief, which belief arises from not really understanding the matter, having been misled by misrepresentation. It is usually said that there are only two sides to a question, but in this matter there are two sides and two ends, and by the time our socialist has surveyed the two sides and the big end and the little one, he will not find that socialism is going to benefit him much in America.

It seems to me more reasonable to take up the difficulties of labor and capital case by case, and situation after situation, as they come up, and try to adjust them in a manner at once permanent and peaceful; in this way the inherent rights of the individual will be better served than by an attempt to demolish

a system of government which is so well suited to the needs of the American people, and which has so well withstood the attacks of the dreamer and the agitator in the years that are past.

If there is any one superb virtue that the American people possess it is courage in grappling with the issues of the future, and I do not think there will ever be a faltering note in this respect, no matter what the obstacle, no matter what the difficulty may be. But we must get right down to the belief that life is a matter of mutual interest between labor and capital; we cannot separate the two great factors which underlie our development; it is not possible for one to prosper permanently unless the other shares in that prosperity. There must be a common ground where all can meet with the honest determination to do what is right, meeting bravely the conditions as they change, and seizing the opportunity as it offers for the betterment of all the people. The movement already inaugurated among large employers, looking toward the utmost comfort and convenience of their employes, is not carried out altogether from philanthropic motives but is a matter of business also, and it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

This is essentially a great economic age—an age when energy, materials and purposes are all being utilized for the best. When a man loses his day's work, and is compelled to spend that time in absolute idleness, the whole community suffers a loss as well as he, and it is something that is lost forever to the commonwealth; this would be found entirely unnecessary were the honest motives of both sides given proper consideration. And we feel convinced that we have a very great duty to perform in resisting the onslaught of the socialistic tendency which helps to bring this state of affairs into being. Both capital and labor must yield in time to the great law

of fair dealing, man to man. In proportion to a man's ambitions and his ability to earn for himself a betterment of his condition, there will be a striving on his part to attain his ideals, and this, in itself, is the germ of progress; and just as far as that encroaches on others who are working for the same object, there will be a natural resistance. But there are few citizens in this country who would condone any interference with the personal rights of a neighbor. There always will be a neutral ground where conflicting interests can meet and confer and adjust themselves — a sort of Hague tribunal, if you please, in the every-day affairs of life.

The American labor unions are becoming more and more conservative and careful in their management, and are not likely to be led away from the

straight road by hot-headed members.

Business men, too, have found that fighting does not pay in trade. There is an old saying that the best lawyer is he who keeps his client out of lawsuits, and the best leader is he who can avoid difficulties; but the greater experience and intelligence which necessarily exist among employers, owing to the fact of their longer training in the forum of business, places upon them an important responsibility.

I wish I could impress upon every American the individual responsibility that rests upon each one of us. Every year of experience, every dollar of accumulated capital, every talent we possess should be regarded as a sacred charge for the good of the nation, to help in uniting the interests of rich and poor, learned and unlearned.

THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBERS





SCENE FROM GEORGE ADE'S LATEST SUCCESS, "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN"

The Owner of "The Rolling Peanut"

GEORGE ADE OF THE "FABLES" AS CHAFFEUR AND PLAYWRIGHT

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

A VISIT to Mr. Ade at his Summer home in Highland Park, near Chicago is a pleasant page in my travel book; indeed it might be called a whole chapter. Upon arrival, I was readily directed to the house, as every one seemed proud of the fact that George Ade was a "resident." "Go straight down that street toward the lake and it is the last house on the right—before you jump in," added a droll Irishman.

A beautiful residential retreat is Highland Park, and little wonder the popular young author chose this spot in which to concoct more delightful efflorescence for the footlights. Attractive homes on the right and left, a graceful turn in the

road now and then. From each of the houses—was I dreaming?—came the refrains of *Sulu* and *Peggy* intermittently.

In the "white house at the end of the road," I found the author, a tall, handsome, smooth-faced young man, his hair lightly touched with gray. Winsome and modest in aspect, he was attired in a princely "Albert" and might have been taken for a "theolog" at college. In his work-room was the omnipresent typewriter; scattered leaves of newspapers and myriads of clippings tell how good and how bad were his plays. In one corner stood a dainty desk at which he works—"grinds," he says. Here he

acknowledges with his own hand the many congratulations on the success of his comedy, *The County Chairman*. It struck me as significant that there was no embossed or perfumed paper — nothing but plain copy-paper — indicative, to me, of the simple tastes of the owner. I also noticed that Mr. Ade uses a stub pen.

As we sat in the den talking, a Simplex, in a room below, burst forth in a *pot pourri* of the Ade operas. Every now and then the author ceased his work and joined lustily in the refrain, growing particularly vociferous in the Sultan's song, but stopping betimes to cry: "Faster! faster!" as the tempo slackened.

The house has been a rendezvous for Mr. Ade's bachelor friends, some of them old chums of boyhood days at Kentland, Indiana. Cartoonist John McCutcheon and his brother, George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, are in the list.

The modern fable-writer entertained me with a dashing ride in No. 595, the automobile, otherwise known to the neighbors as the "Rolling Peanut." Gustave Luders expects to set to music the subtle and soul-stirring harmonies of the "Rolling Peanut," as it pounces upon stray cats, dogs, rheumatic roosters and goats. Noting the hand that guided the destiny of *The County Chairman* firm on the lever there was never a time when I gave up all hope; but it was rare delight to skim along in this snug little pleasure craft.

Mr. Ade related an interesting story of how his father, John Ade, in early days ran a bank. There was a large issue of notes, said bank being conveniently located in an isolated building many miles away from the haunts of civilization. The funds were kept in a potato-barrel, and the men holding the bank-notes were hunting the country for the Bank of Morocco (all this happened

fifty years ago), which had issued notes for \$1,200. There was a sense of security in the bank's deposits so long as no one appeared: but when the fatal day came, and a man dismounted from a reeking horse and presented a roll of notes the cashing of which immediately consumed all the deposits on hand, things were changed, and the distinguished sire of the (future) author of *Sulu* gave up the banking business in disgust.

The career of George Ade is interesting. Born in February, 1866, he was graduated from Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, in 1887, and immediately entered into a newspaper career on the *Morning News* at Lafayette, which started the boom of General Harrison for the presidency, and succumbed when that work was accomplished. Ade's salary, tradition says, was largely in restaurant meal-tickets, paid for in advertising. His next occupation was writing advertisements for a "no-tobac" cure, under the inspiring genius of H. L. Kramer of Cascarets fame, who has certainly done a great deal toward helping young men to a life of distinction and usefulness. In 1890 he was a reporter on the Chicago *Morning News*, and his department *Stories of the Street* attracted considerable attention, although it was in a parallel column to Eugene Field's *Sharps and Flats*.

One rainy day in '95, *Artie*, his first book effort, was begun in connection with the story of a church entertainment, and in '98 the serio-comic modern fable was promulgated.

The first of the fables was entitled *The Blonde Girl Who Married the Bucket-Shop Man*, and from that on there was no cessation, but the constant grinding and grubbing for ideas began. He gave me this prescription for a modern fable: "One portion of homely truth, one pinch of satire, a teacupful of capital letters, well spiced with up-to-



GEORGE ADE

date slang and garnished with wood-cut drawings."

The modern fables have been discon-

tinued, because, Mr. Ade says, it became positively maddening to try to unearth each week an absolutely new slang

phrase. Strange to say, in conversation with him, I failed to hear even a suggestion of slang from his lips. Victor Hugo defines slang as "the language of misery," but Mr. Ade's slang is the language of informality; the street versus the academy. He is a master of slang, and makes it something more than light entertainment.

Mr. Ade joined his boyhood friend, John McCutcheon, in a trip to the Philippine Islands, and there obtained local color for *The Sultan of Sulu*, which, under the able management of Henry W. Savage, proved a great success. Personally, the author very much dislikes comic opera and was almost unwillingly drawn into prominence as the result of the popularity of his two operas; but his heart was certainly in his work when he wrote the comedy, *The County Chairman*.

Never can I forget the night I witnessed this play for the first time, looking over an audience that filled the house to its utmost capacity, following with breathless interest and uproarious applause the situations passing in quick succession and representing a delightful picture of life. In the darkened space at the back of the orchestra stalls, pacing to and fro, was the author, watching with keen interest the effect of each act upon the audience. Modest, even to the point of diffidence, the success of the production seemed to have little interest for

him, compared with the pleasure of watching the development of the details of the life and scenes of early days at Kentland in this composite view. In one of the front seats were a number of old friends and neighbors, whose only criticism was that "George had so mixed up the characters, putting various traits into one individual, that they were unable to distinguish which was which."

I understand that Mr. Ade's next opera will be *The Sho-Gun*. It is a story of an American promoter on an island between Japan and Korea. The promoter goes there for an ancestry, and while there is captured by the Sho-Gun. While detained as prisoner he reorganizes the island, according to up-to-date American methods.

The story of *Sulu* is interesting. He wrote it for a musical friend named Wathall, for amateur production, and it simply outgrew its modest pretensions, and was one of the great hits of the season.

George Ade certainly does understand human nature. He is faithful and subtle in his analysis of life, and he has made good use of a new field in American literature and drama. Whole-souled, good-natured, modest, keen and philosophic to the last degree, the young author has made a place for himself in the hearts and affections of American play-goers.

OLD-FASHIONED PHILOSOPHY

By J. A. EDGERTON

SCORN not the homely virtues. We are prone
To search through all the world for something new:
And yet sometimes old-fashioned things are best—
Old-fashioned work, old-fashioned rectitude,
Old-fashioned honor and old-fashioned prayer,
Old-fashioned patience that can bide its time,
Old-fashioned firesides sacred from the world,
Old-fashioned satisfaction with enough,
Old-fashioned candor and simplicity,
Old-fashioned folks that practice what they preach.

Farm-Yard Studies

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

AUTHOR OF "A WATCHER IN THE WOODS"

WE were tied up for the night. Dusk and the swamp silence had settled—settled with a distinctness and presence almost supernatural. A banjo had been twanging, but the breakdown was done, the shuffling feet quiet: the little cotton boat had become a part of the moonlit silence and the river-swamp.

Two or three roustabouts were sitting a-top the resin barrels near by, under the spell, apparently, of the round Autumnal moon. There was frost in the air and a thousand fragrant odors from the ripened swamp; but not a cry nor a call in the stillness, until, suddenly, breaking through the hush with a jarring, eerie echo, sounded the hoot of a great horned owl.

One of the roustabouts dropped to the deck, holding up his hand. We listened. Again the weird, startling cry—*whoo, hoo-hoo-hoo-whoo-you-ah-ah!*

"Dat de king owl," whispered the darky. "He's out for turkey. Ole gobbler done gone hide. Listen! de king owl gwine make him talk."

We listened, waiting; but there came no answering talk, no gobble of challenge out of the swamp. I sat up until the moon rode high overhead, hoping the great horned hunter would swoop upon one of the wild turkeys in its tree-top roost and drive it fluttering and talking over the open river. I was to see one the next day—a dead one—but I am still waiting to see and hear the splendid bronze bird in its native haunts.

They were all about me, here on the Savannah—a few of them. The next day, at one of the landings, a colored boy brought aboard a fine gobbler that he had shot back in the swamp.

All through the South and great

Southwest, scattering flocks of native wild turkeys still roost in the tall tops of the swamp-trees. They are so few and wild, however, that the naturalist who would study the habits of the birds is almost compelled, nowadays, to go to the barn-yard, tame and unromantic as that locality is.

If one does not care for the setting, the barn-yard is a much more convenient place of study and quite as good as the primeval forests; for the turkey is a maddeningly perverse, persistent bird, that centuries of civilizing still leaves as unchanged in habit as in looks. When the wild turkeys in the market hang side by side with the tame ones, only a keen-eyed naturalist can tell, from appearance, which birds had never seen a barn-yard and which had descended by a traceable barn-yard line from the year 1526. And no less persistent have been the old, wild ways of the birds.

Like our cats, the turkeys wear a cloak of domesticity; but not even pussy could put hers off and go utterly wild more readily than the turkey. Not a wild trait or habit seems to have been radically changed—not more than altered a little—by all our efforts at home and abroad. For the turkey has traveled. He is strictly an American—Mexican perhaps—sailing first from these shores as early as 1526, and not returning until the Pilgrims and early settlers brought him back, a larger bird than when he set out, but still a turkey, as unalterably American as ever.

That does not mean that he is a good American, deserving the eagle's place as our national emblem. The turkey is unalterable because he cannot learn anything, so nearly brainless is he. The father—it was the mother—of all the

turkeys was originally endowed with two wits and as many crafty ways as she had toes. Since the line began no turkey has gained another wit, nor learned a new way nor forgotten one of the old ones. No turkey gobbler ever had or ever will have any sense at all.

From England and the continent we trace the domestic turkey to Spain, then to the West Indies and finally back to Mexico, where the wild parent-stock still survives. It is from this southwestern bird, (*meleagris Mexicana*) and not from the variety in the North, that our domestic turkey has come. The only difference in the two species—or varieties—is that *Mexicana* has creamy white tips to his tail-feathers and those overlapping the base of the tail, while *gallopavo's* tips are chestnut-brown. The southwestern bird, as a whole, is of a greener hue than the northern. Both species are becoming very rare—are on the road to extinction.

The tame turkey hen is notorious for stealing her nest. The wild turkey steals hers—not to exasperate her owner, as is the common belief about the tame turkey; for the wild bird has no owner. It is to get away from the gobbler, who, in order to prolong the honeymoon, will break every egg. He has just enough brains to be sentimental, jealous and boundlessly fond of his strutting self. Once his adoring wives possess eggs, they quietly turn their backs and leave him to parade to himself alone.

Then, too, she must hide the eggs from crows and buzzards, and herself as well from the prowling owls and lynxes. On the farm most of these enemies have taken human forms.

For a nest, the wild hen scratches a little depression in the ground, usually under a thick bush, and lays from twelve to twenty eggs, which are somewhat smaller and more elongated than the tame turkey's, but like hers in color, dull cream, sprinkled with reddish dots.

She is very cautious and careful about the eggs, always covering them when leaving the nest. She will not even leave them at all as the hatching day approaches, so anxious and fearful has she grown. She cannot even be driven off the nest then; but will allow herself to be captured first.

Mother love is fierce in her. Her chicks are such helpless things! She hears them peeping in the shell and breaks it to help them out. She preens and dries them and keeps them close under her for days.

For two weeks after hatching, a rain can kill them. Against the cold of a wetting it is said that the mother will give the young ones the buds of the spice bush, as our grandmothers used to give mint tea.

The wild turkey hen is as wise and careful a mother as the gobbler is a vain, silly and cruel father—which is saying a great deal for the hen. Beside the spice-bush buds for colds, she doctors her chicks for other infant troubles. The woods are full of ticks and detestable vermin as deadly as colds. When her brood begin to lag and pine she leads them to an old ant-hill and gives them a sousing dust-bath. The vermin hate the odor of the ant-scented dust and after a series of washings disappear.

Late in October the turkeys of each neighborhood get together in flocks of from ten to one hundred and travel on foot through the rich bottom lands in search of food.

In these journeys the males keep together apart from the females and lead the way. The hens, each leading her family in a more or less separate group, straggle along in the rear. As they advance they meet other flocks, the numbers swelling.

After a while they are sure to come to a river—a river to cross. It is a dreadful undertaking. Up and down the banks move the gobblers, stretching their

necks and making believe to start—just as the tame ones do at night when they must fly from the corn-crib into the apple tree. All day long, all the next day, and it may be all the third day, they strut and cluck about the shore, getting up their courage. Yes, the ridiculous creatures have wings. By this time, however, the whole flock has mounted the tallest trees along the bank. One of the gobblers has taken charge of the affair. Suddenly, from his perch he utters a single cluck—the signal—and every turkey sails into the air. There is a great flapping—and the terrible river is crossed!

A few weak ones fall on the way over, but they do not drown. Drawing the wings close to their sides, they spread their round tails like fans, strike out as if born to swim and quickly come to shore. They are wary but so weak-headed that such an experience as crossing the river utterly flusters them. They wander about for a day or two so dazed that they fall a prey to any hunter.

When the movement of the flocks begins the hens drag along in the rear, in order to keep their young out of the way of the old, ill-tempered gobblers, who will kill them. But toward the end of the wandering, in late November, the young are heavy enough to fight for themselves, and finally, when a rich mast of pecan nuts or Winter grapes is discovered, the flocks mingle and remain united until the Spring.

There are few, certainly, of our birds with so little that is commendable in their natures and habits as the wild turkey. Roasting alone redeems him. On the other hand, there are few, if any of our birds with so much that is interesting, even moral, in nature and habit as the wild Canada goose. And I doubt if the sound of any bird voice has been more clearly heard, the flight of any bird more vividly seen, the poetry of any bird life more thrillingly felt than the life and the flight and the voice of the

wild goose. In February, the geese are scattered along the beaches and shores of the southern lakes and rivers, already preparing for their northern flight. The journey to Canada, Labrador and Alaska commences immediately, and early Spring finds nesting well under way.

By September the long southern flight begins, the birds passing over the northern and middle states for a month or more, completing the year where they began it—along the waters of the South.

The gander and goose are quite an ideally wedded pair. Nothing of the turkey gobbler's jealousy and viciousness is shown by the gander. The goose does not steal away to make her nest as the turkey hen does.

The gander never shirks and never leaves his mate. He shares in the duties, he guards the mother and the nest—with his life if need be—against all enemies. He even helps hatch the eggs, which, indeed is the limit of faithfulness for the dutiful husband.

The nest is a collection of drift-weed and sticks, lined with down, placed, usually on the ground in some marsh or meadow. Sometimes it is upon stumps and occasionally in a deserted fish-hawk's nest up in some old tree.

As soon as the goslings hatch—there are usually from five to nine of them—they take to the water, and lead the goose and gander a busy life.

I once watched a pair who had just one small gosling left out of seven. They spent their anxious day, from sun-up to nightfall, trying to keep up with him. He went where he would. They, in single file, tagged along behind, cautioning, chiding, lamenting, with just time to snatch a blade of grass here, a bill-full of water there, as the irrepressible infant straddled up and down his back-yard world. What would they have done with all seven? Both of these old birds were woefully bedraggled in plumage, due partly to their gosling, and partly

to the season. They were moulting, a particularly dangerous time with the geese, for in their wild haunts they become so helpless at this season that they can be run down and killed with a stick.

It is well along in August before the young are able to fly. All this time both parents have cared for them and will continue to keep the family together until the next spring. No phase of the life of these great birds is more pleasing than the thought of their family life—gander, goose and goslings united even while mingling as part of a great flock. Every wedge of wild geese that goes honking overhead in the Autumn nights is either a family or a neighborhood of families led by some patriarch gander.

The great event in the goose calendar is this Autumn flight. The whole year seems incidental to this. Restlessness and strange desires possess the migrants weeks before the passage begins. The flight is the fulfillment of life—mile-high in the air for a thousand miles of ordered, thrilling flight over changing belts of landscape to a new world!

The love of it has become more than a need for food. Next to the desire for mate and offspring comes this desire for the flight. It is not a desire of the flesh but of the spirit. Food does not fail in the barn-yard. Yet the tamed Canada geese here, when the nights grow frosty and the flocks go honking over, will scream and run and flap their crippled wings, wild with longing to fly—high and far and long into the air.

It is only this passing of the geese that most of us know. Who has not seen the wonderful harrow moving across the sky, or the long file, like a strange, many-oared racing-shell swimming the clouds? Who has not heard the thrilling trumpet-call out of the star-depths of the Autumn night? Even in the heart of a vast city I have been awakened by the cloud-echoed cry, far-off, weird and haunting.

High and swift as they go, the passage still is a long and dangerous one.

"Vainly the fowler's eye

*Might mark thy distant flight to do
thee wrong,*

*As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along."*

True; but that height cannot *always* be sustained. The bird is flesh; such speed, though the stroke be timed, exhausts; the wings must rest; the flyer must have food; and a line of enemies, as long and almost as continuous as the course, awaits the descent.

Fogs obscure the way; storms hinder: noises confuse; and often across the brittle, bracing air of the course flows a warm wind that sends the whole flock reeling and sagging to the earth. Hundreds of geese, one day, overcome by the heat, dropped upon a small pond back of my home.

There is not a single event in all the year of the fields that I would not forego than the sight and sound of the passing geese. How it takes hold on the imagination!

What meaning and mystery that line of winging geese has for us when we remember all this! These bare facts are wonderful enough. Yet the poet has watched with the naturalist, and the facts are forgotten in the deeper meaning, the deeper mystery of the poet's suggestions. Not the flight of the geese themselves seems to me so perfect and so wonderful as the flight of these lines which they inspired:

"There is a Power whose care

*Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast—*

The desert and illimitable air—

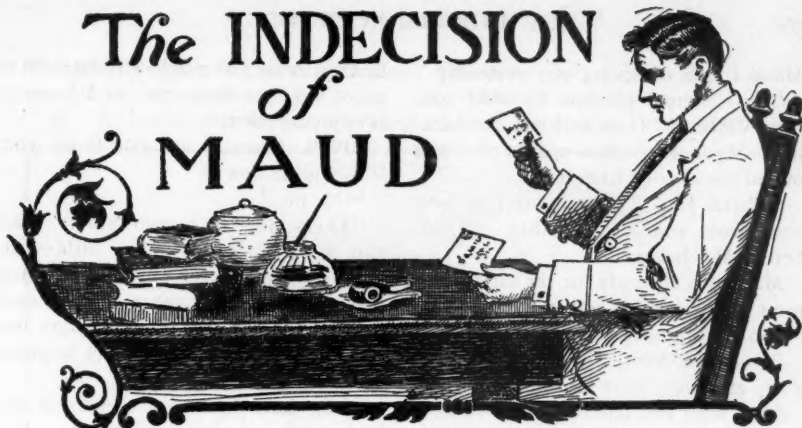
Lone wandering but not lost.

"He who, from zone to zone,

*Guides through the sky thy certain
flight,*

*In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."*

The INDECISION of MAUD



By SARAH A. PRATT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. C. RICE, JR.

"ONLY one week before my final decision! How can I say 'Yes'? Yet I fear that I shall write that word on the fourth of August. Till then I am a free woman."

After the departure of Richard Earlington, Maude Eliot had gone to her room and with a sigh of relief thrown herself into a chair. For a few moments she sat absorbed in deep thought; then she got up with a most energetic manner, as though she had made her final decision then and there. She went over to the mirror and took out her combs and hairpins, letting her beautiful chestnut hair fall in all its luxuriousness.

"That is just what I will do! Accept every invitation for the next six days, throw this tormenting subject entirely out of my mind. Then on the morning of the fourth of August I will write my 'Yes' or 'No,' as I have promised to do. Tomorrow afternoon I will go to Polly Hopkins' garden party and wear my most becoming gown and my new big hat. On Wednesday I will go on that sail in the Cranfords' yacht.—Why, how late it is!"

The next morning Maud came downstairs as bright and pleasant as the day.

Everyone was glad to see her. The maids were never too busy to wait upon Miss Maud. After breakfast she picked a bunch of roses, and a little later you might have seen her, lithe and graceful, with her white parasol over her head, going down the avenue of elms on her way to enquire for little Bobby Hazen, who had been ill. These two were friends, and she missed him.

The garden party was a success. She was petted and sought after, as usual. Harry Joslyn was most devoted, and before he left her that night asked her to allow him to call and take her to the yacht the next day. But that night, in the quiet of her room, the perplexing question would assert itself notwithstanding her resolve.

"How can I say 'Yes'? How charming Harry Joslyn is! How beautifully he does everything. He always knows just what to say and how to say it. I cannot but contrast his fluent speech and grace of manner with Richard's abrupt ways."

The next morning, just as Mrs. Vincent was saying goodbye to an old friend, Mr. Joslyn was ushered into the parlor.

"I am so pleased to see you, Harry.

Maud spoke of seeing you yesterday."

"It is a great pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Vincent. How well you are looking. My mother often speaks of you as one of her dearest friends."

"Thank you, it is delightful to have word from your dear mother. Maud, here is Mr. Joslyn."

Maud was all ready for the sail, in the most fetching duck suit and sailor hat.

"So pleasant to see you, Mrs. Vincent."

"Goodbye, Aunt. Lie down and have a nap after your busy morning."

They were two handsome young people, and they started off as though they were the only two in the world and entirely suited to each other.

Mr. Cranford had spared no pains to make the trip a success, and though the party was small it was most delightful. Mrs. Cranford's tact and ability for entertaining showed itself to the best advantage and every one was radiant with pleasure and good nature. There was just enough east wind to cause a slight swell and make one realize that he was not on land, and that was especially appreciated after a week of melting weather. Harry Joslyn could not help being complimentary to everybody. You could not have told, had you heard him talking to Alice Thompson, whether it were she or Maud who just fulfilled his ideal of womanhood. His affections were as pliable as his manner. But the gladdest days come to an end.

"The morning of the third day! I am too tired to go to that luncheon. I will stay at home and rest and read. It will be quiet and cool in the hammock on the north veranda."

As she stepped out of the French window, Maud saw the postman coming up the walk.

"It does seem strange not to have a letter from Richard, and I do rather wish that I could hear from him. It must be hard for him not to send me a word. However, he said that he was

tired of saying so much without a bit of encouragement from me, so I hope he is enjoying the rest.

"Well, Aunt, I am glad to see you. Will you lie down?"

"Oh, no."

"Then take that comfortable chair and we will have a nice little visit. Isn't it lovely here? I did not think that I should like those dahlias each side of the walk, but they really are just the right thing; the gay colors brighten up the dark house."

"You have not told me about the day on the yacht."

"Why, yes, Aunt, don't you remember?"

"Oh, I mean nothing in particular. Don't you think that Harry Joslyn is a very interesting young man? If you could only realize how sincere and kind he is you could not help liking him. I am very fond of his family."

"What are you knitting, Aunt? How pretty it is—just the color to go with my violet muslin."

"You shall have it, dear."

The afternoon seemed endless. Maud had read over a good many of Richard's letters and tied them in special packages with narrow white ribbon, and then she had read an exciting love story, and yet there was a whole long evening.

"If I don't do something I am afraid that I shall write to Richard. It is so cool I will go over to the Whitmans' and have a good game of bridge. Henry Whitman is the best bridge player I know, and they are such dear people, too."

They were delighted to see her, and before long the cards were on the table. Mr. Whitman chose to play with dummy. They were well started when Mr. Joslyn entered.

"Good evening, Mrs. Whitman. How well you are looking!"

"Isn't this fine! We have been wishing for a fourth to make up the table.

We will begin again, for we cannot allow two gentlemen to play together." think we had better play together."
Mr. Whitman, putting on his most honor of playing with Miss Eliot."



"His affections were as pliable as his manners."

tactful manner, said: "My wife and I Mrs. Whitman came out one ahead.
understand each other's leads, and I They played twelve games. Mr. and

Then there was a jolly little time afterward eating bonbons and playing with the new dog.

The night was fine, the full moon glorious, and as admiration for that orb has never grown old, Harry proposed to Miss Eliot that they should take a walk and admire it. Which they did. Harry talked of his future plans and prospects, and at times got just over the boundary of simple friendship. Maud always drew him back within the lines.

"More undecided than ever!" she thought. "My head aches and I am tired. I want to see Richard. Not that I want to marry him, only I miss his letters awfully. Tomorrow I will go down to the shore and stay with Emily over night and compose my mind."

But Maud's peace of mind even when near the soothing dash of the waves against the rocks had been of uncertain quality. Now the important day had come, the day on which she had promised to give Richard his answer, and everything would soon be settled. She had made up her mind that she could not be happy without Richard.

"I am sure that I love him enough to make him happy. I will write my letter, and it will be the shortest one I ever wrote."

She took up her pen and dashed off the words:

"Dear Richard:

Yes.

Yours,

MAUD."

Then, having placed this epistle in an envelope and sealed, directed and stamped it in as feverish a haste, she took it to the corner herself and dropped it into the post-box.

Instantly there came over her a terrible, faint sensation.

"I hope I have done right. Richard is such a dear, and we shall be very happy together. Now I will go up-stairs and think of the changed situation, and

especially of Richard's joy when he receives my letter."

As she entered the hall she saw a gentleman's hat on the table. If she could have flown she would, but from the parlor window Harry Joslyn had seen her come up the walk and come out to meet her. Maud felt like sinking through the floor, but she managed to sit down in the partly darkened room.

"Are you ill, Miss Eliot? You are quite pale."

"No, thank you. It is very warm."

"Will you come out to the pines? I think that it will be cooler there."

"I think not. I am very comfortable here."

Harry was very amusing and made a long call. After he had left, Maud rushed up-stairs, threw herself on the bed, and began to weep in a most violent manner.

"Oh, I am sure that I have done wrong. I do not love him enough to marry him. I must not do it. What can I do? What can I do? Let me think?"

She stood by the mantel a moment and then went over to the writing-table and in the greatest haste wrote:

"Dear Richard:

No.

Your friend always,

MAUD."

"Oh, where are my regular envelopes? No matter, this white one will do."

She mailed this letter also. Then she went to a telegraph office and sent this telegram:

"Do not open the first letter. Another will come by the next mail. Return the first.

MAUD."

As she went back home she noticed the golden glow of the western sky before her, and she thought:

"I am glad I have done what I think is right."

Richard Errington did not sleep much

on the night of the fourth of August. He was up very early, and took a long walk before it was time to go the office.

first stranger who opened the door was a telegraph boy, who brought a message directed to him. Tearing open the en-



"He opened it and read."

And then he was there half an hour before the first postal delivery. The

velope he read the words over three times before he understood their mean-

ing. Then the postman came and put Richard's letters into his outstretched hand. Among them were *two* from Maud! He put them into his inside pocket, and, with an unintelligible word to Alden, who had just come in, he rushed into the street. Once in his room at his boarding-house, he locked the door. He examined the two letters to see which was the last one mailed. He found his hands were shaking a little as he did so. He looked at one, then he looked at the other; he went through the process several times, as if he did not see aright. Then he dropped into a chair and exclaimed:

"Which *is* the last one?"

"Hampstead, Mass., Aug. 4, 6 P. M., 1902," stared at him from the envelope of blue. "Hampstead, Mass., Aug. 4, 6 P. M., 1902," stared at him from the envelope of white.

"What shall I do? I dare not open either of them. But I must know!"

He looked at his watch. "In twenty minutes the express leaves. I will catch it and go to Maud."

He jumped on the end of the long train as it was pulling out of the station. He found a seat and took off his hat and wiped his forehead. He was tinglingly alive, but he held himself back from any balancing of probabilities.

Arrived at the Hampstead station, he walked rapidly up the hill to the Eliot house. As he ascended the steps his heart beat so fast that it made him cough a little.

The maid sought Maud with his message.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Say that I have a headache. I cannot see him. No, Bertha, say that I will be down."

"Why did he come? He said that he would abide by my decision. I will not go down in this gown. He always liked that brown and yellow shimmering one, because he said it was like my hair. And this may be the last time I shall ever see him. . . . I cannot do my hair, I am too shaky."

The parlor was rather dark as she entered, and just at first she did not see him. But he rose to meet her and held out both his hands. Maud slowly extended one of hers. It was cold; her face was pale.

"Why did you come?"

"I had to come to find out which letter belonged to me. They both came together, the postmarks are just the same. So please forgive me, Maud. I know my fate now."

Then he took the two letters out of his pocket and laid them on the table. "I will take the one with your final decision." His eyes were full of tears. "Which one shall I take?"

"That one!" she cried, triumphantly, putting the blue envelope into his hands.

Richard sat down quickly. It was a very hot day, and perhaps he was a little faint.

"Why don't you open your letter?"

He opened it and read:

"Dear Richard:

Yes.

Yours,

MAUD."

VOICES OF LIBERTY

Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains, each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

William Wordsworth

In the Night and the Storm

A STORY OF THEM THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

By *TERESA STRICKLAND*

I.

THE WOMAN

"**G**OD help those who toil on the sea this night!" exclaimed Doctor McQuirk as he paused to draw breath and to gaze upward at the storm-driven clouds that were flying across the grey expanse of the sky. From the sea, inward and outward, the great waves rolled, lashing the shore as if in sentient anger.

Pulling his slouch hat more firmly over his ears, the rotund little doctor prepared once more to buffet the storm. He could hear the winds coming in great gusts, moaning like so many lost souls, as they swept nearer and beat against the knot of white-faced women who were clinging together on the shore. These it sent spinning around as helpless as atoms in the hands of the elemental powers. But the women saw the doctor toiling toward them, and they breathed a sigh of relief as he waved his hand encouragingly. A moment later the wind swept him literally into their arms.

"Ah, Doctor! dear Doctor!" they cried, grasping at him as though for protection.

"The boats are not yet in sight," murmured one, scarcely speaking above her breath.

"And look at the clouds!" wailed a white-faced girl. "And Rob went out with the boats!"

"God pity the poor fisher-folk this night," cried a sturdy dame, drawing the girl nearer to her side.

"Aye, Mary Morrison, God pity the fisher-folk!" answered the crowd.

"You have called upon the one who can aid," remarked the doctor soothingly; "now put your trust in him. Does not the Book tell us that he even

drew his followers from among the fishermen? And did he not aid them? Did he not on a night like this come to them across the waters and did the waves not hear his voice?"

"Ah, Doctor, Doctor! You at least have always the right word on your tongue," said Mary Morrison.

There was silence for a little space, but during a lull in the blast the woman came nearer to the doctor. "Is it true," she asked, "that Janet Carroll's hour has come?"

The doctor nodded his head. "I am on my way to her," he answered. "Pray for her in her hour of travail, for she is almost alone and her Jamie is out with the boats."

A fresh gust of the wind swept them further along the shore toward the straggling houses of the town. The wind cut like a knife and already the darkness had come. With big, frightened eyes the women turned ever to the sea, marking the drift of the clouds and the swell of the mighty waves.

"Go to your homes, good people," admonished the doctor. "You can do nothing here, but there you can keep the lights in your windows and the broth hot for the lads when they come. Did both your boys go with the boats, Mrs. Morrison?" he asked, turning to the strong, old woman whose clear-cut face was so full of repose and trust.

"Yes, doctor. My cottage is empty—I will go with you to Janet. It may be that I can comfort her!"

"Good! Come! The sight of your face will do her good as no medicine will. She needs you—the poor motherless lass!—God be with you, my friends!" he added as he left the crowd.

Facing the full strength of the storm, the doctor struggled on with Mary Morrison, while with heavy hearts the women scattered, each to her humble home.

At the very end of the ragged street there was a new cottage whose gate now swung open and banged to and fro in the wind. Through a window of this cottage a white, startled face was peering — a face that was drawn with a new, strange terror and whose lips were distorted with pain.

"There is Janet," said the doctor to his companion, as they hurried up the path. Then reaching the door he held it open that Mrs. Morrison might pass.

Inside Janet Carroll was caught in the old woman's motherly arms. "Jamie is out with the boats!" sobbed the sufferer. "He is gone and I shall see him no more!" Shaken by pain she clung to the neck of her friend and quivered convulsively.

"Ah, Janet," said the quiet voice of the doctor, "have you too forgotten, lass, that the Eternal God is our refuge and that underneath are the everlasting arms? Come nearer the fire, daughter, and sit in the chair, and do not grieve any more!"

The village nurse arose from her knees by the hearth where she had been brewing a posset. "I tried to hush her, Doctor," she said, "but I could not, even though I told her that she would injure herself and the child."

Mrs. Morrison had placed Janet in the chair and was "mothering" her with tender words and caresses, while Dr. McQuirk threw more driftwood on the fire. The flames, catching the fresh fuel, leaped high in the chimney, showing ribbons of green and gold as the reflected light cast its ruddy glow throughout the broad, low room. Outside, the wind still wailed and now and then it would catch the frail house in a giant's clutch and would sway it to and fro, keeping rude time to the booming waves which

thundered and roared in salvos like distant artillery.

"Oh, Jamie! Jamie!" moaned the stricken wife as she heard.

The doctor caught her hands in his own broad palms. "There is one who will care for Jamie," he said. "Just keep a prayer in your heart for him. Your own hour of struggle has come, too, but remember that though sorrow assail and the night be dark there is a joy that 'cometh in the morning.'"

The woman — she was half a child — raised her head. "Doctor," she begged. "Will you not kneel here, and ask the good God to spare my Jamie and bring him back to me — and — and the little one?"

The doctor and the woman who waited sank to their knees, the red firelight cast the shadows about them, and a great peace came to the girl which the storm could not dissipate. Their God was a mighty God and he had drawn near to them.

Janet had been the beauty of the village, and there had been many disappointed suitors when she gave herself to Jamie Carroll. But the two loved each other in that great and true-hearted way which only those men and women learn who live close to Nature's heart. The free winds, the boundless sea, the glowing sunrise, the mystical and dreamy starlight, all things had given them insight into the love which "suffers long and is kind, which seeketh not its own, which thinketh no evil and is not easily provoked!" The love in fact which means for men Eternity and God!

Now the hour had come which both had dreaded and yet to which they had looked forward with a kind of fearful joy — the hour when he expected to be beside her — and she was alone and he was out in the night and the storm, caught in the grasp of the pitiless sea.

With a greater fury the wind seemed to shake the cottage and the waves

redoubled their thunderings, but the doctor, rising from his knees, began to chant aloud:

*"In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the
sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy
strength ever be!"*

Janet raised her eyes. "Jamie," she murmured, "Jamie!"

II THE MAN

Far out at sea a boat was creaking and groaning and struggling like a living thing as it mounted the crest of the waves or wallowed in the troughs between. The men whom it upheld were powerless—they simply clung to the oars and faced the drenching spray. Perhaps they cried aloud in the darkness, perhaps not—in that great turmoil none but God might hear. They thought of God, no doubt, for they were not fools and they knew that death was very near. Like a grewsome panorama their past lives lay open before them and out of the storm there came to them whisperings of those things which they should not have done. They were unlettered men, simple, honest men, kind-hearted and toil-worn, but they were not greatly afraid. Sooner or later—so much they knew—the end must come and the sea must take them home to its cool and quiet graves. What mattered it then if they went in the storm rather than in the calm?

Crushed by his utter helplessness, Jamie Carroll crouched at his place in the boat. For himself he took no thought, but he remembered Janet. How frightened she would be, how she would suffer now that he was not by to hold her by the hand. Slipping his hand beneath his coat he touched a curl that lay there next his heart. It was a golden

curl, and he pictured her as she looked on the day when she gave it him. She was so young, then, and so joyous as she went singing about her garden. Later, the picture changed, and he saw her busy with her sewing. He marvelled over the daintiness of the tiny garments that she shaped, and feared even to touch them with his big, rough hands. A spasm of grief came upon him. "Janet!" he called. "Janet!" How he wished he might see, through the grey mist as Peter did see, the Christ coming to rescue him. Christ had thought of Peter's need; would he not remember that of Janet? Did not God hold the wind and the stormy sea in the very hollow of his hand? The old Celtic spirit of trust took hold of the heart of the man and under the stress of his faith, his soul exalted itself.

"They that go down to the sea in ships,"
he chanted, *"that do business on the great
waters;*

*"These see the works of the Lord, and
his wonders in the deep.*

*"For he commandeth and raiseth the
stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves
thereof.*

*"They mount up to heaven; they go
down again to the depths; their souls are
melted because of trouble.*

*"They reel to and fro, and stagger like
a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.*

*"Then they cry unto the Lord in their
trouble, and he bringeth them out of their
distresses.*

*"He maketh the storm to calm, so that
the waves thereof are still.*

*"Then are they glad because they be
quiet; so he bringeth them into their de-
sired haven."*

Long years before, when his father had been sailing in the teeth of a gale, Jamie had heard his mother chant these words and now they seemed very dear to him. Out of the darkness, and driving down the whistling wind, he thought he heard a voice—

it was Janet's voice crying "Jamie!"

Scarce conscious of what he did, he leaped to his feet and shouted his answer. "Coming, Janet,— coming!"

The wind shrieked its mockery in his ears; it hurled him back upon the seat. Sick and faint he clung to the side of the boat. Her spirit had called to him, he thought, in witness that she was dead. He looked upon the waves with composure; soon he too would be going to follow Janet and the child. The next wave would swamp them, or the next, or the next.

III

THE DOVE

Out on the wings of the storm, over the seething sea that boiled and foamed like a cauldron, a bird was swept—a land-bird that, caught by the wind, had been whirled away over the sea. Then, being helpless, it had kept its wings spread and had drifted before the blast. It voiced no cry in its bitter distress—it was no human creature—but by the flowers, the sun and the trees, its Creator had spoken to it. For such, fear has no adequate language and the dove did not understand. Further and further the winds drove it from the shore until its heart grew faint, its body cold. Back in the nest it had left, there were six white eggs and its mate was covering them. Poor storm-driven bird, how its pinions sagged as it sought some friendly spot whereon to rest its feet. In a lull it poised above the laboring boat, then it dropped and its wings brushed Jamie Carroll's face. The man fell back shuddering. Was it the Holy Spirit that had come to comfort him? To say, "Lo I am with you always—even unto the end?"

But, startled by the contact, the bird regained its wings, beat for a moment against the troubled air, then circled, and rose, and flew. The wind had swept it out and now with a change of direction

the same wind was taking it home again. Without volition, with only an unconscious movement, the little wanderer sped on and on, until somewhere toward the shore it saw a light and heard the sound of a bell. Surely these were the harbingers of rest. Furling its wings, it dropped into the lower air and a few swift strokes brought it exhausted and panting to a window where the light shone through. Alone in the darkness, that light seemed to the bird a great and glorious thing—a thing more to be desired than the shelter of the trees or the eaves. Painfully it beat against the glass, essaying to enter the room.

IV

THE CHILD

Within the room lay Janet Carroll. Her struggle was over now and she lay quite still and slept the deep sleep of exhaustion wherein the spirit is renewed. Beside the bed, gazing at the white face that lay on the pillow, Dr. McQuirk bent over the almost lifeless form of the little, new-born babe that was stretched in the old nurse's lap. The old crone stroked the little body, and as if by an instinct crooned to herself an old-time cradle-song; but the child did not stir.

Suddenly she caught herself. "Is there life, Doctor?" she asked in a whisper so low that he alone could hear.

"The child still is warm," said the man doubtfully. "We must not give up yet." He placed his ear over the little breast. "God grant I may save the boy for Janet," he went on, "for Jamie will never return."

As he turned, Janet opened her eyes.

"Who taps?" she asked, "at the window—some one is there at the window-pane!"

"Ah, you are dreaming, dear," replied Mrs. Morrison. "You hear but the wind or maybe the drip of the rain."

But Janet shook her head. "Open," she exclaimed impatiently, "open the

window—it may be that Jamie is there!”

Thinking to humor her, the doctor arose, pushed up the sash, and looked out into the darkness; and the dying bird, blinded by the outrush of light, fluttered into the room and hovered over Janet's bed. Then lower and lower it fluttered down, and dropped at the feet of the child. Awed by its appearance their eyes were fixed upon the dove, but as it fell the babe opened its eyes, moved its little limbs, and cried.

The doctor started. What—? What—? But a throbbing wave of ecstatic pain

had answered that feeble call and the mother extended her arms.

“Bring my baby to me!” she sobbed. “Bring my baby to me!”

Outside, far down toward the beach where the watchers still were lingering, a shout cleft the air. Hearing it the doctor opened the door, and called to the passers-by.

“What news, Doctor,” asked Mrs. Morrison.

“Great news,” answered the little man. “The red dawn shows in the East and all the boats are saved!”

FIRESIDE JOURNEYS

By JEAN WILSON

MINE is an humble, toilsome lot,
My home a lowly little cot,
And pleasant trips o'er land and sea
Nor wheel nor sail e'er proffers me.
Day holds me carebound, but the night,
Cheery with hearthfire's glowing light,
Vouchsafes rare journeys with the elves
That hide in covers on my shelves.

From open page these curious friends
Come out at call, with power that sends
Me in their wake, at lightning pace,
Through storied realms of time and space.
From frozen fields of Arctic snow
To vales where tropic splendors glow,
Past craggy heights, o'er waters wide,
Fearless we soar, we glance, we glide.

Famed kings and lovely queens we greet;
Knights-errant in their tourneys meet;
With founders and explorers stray,
Or talk with scholars by the way.
Sages look on with solemn eyes,
Dropping their queries and replies,
While mystics breathe bewildering dreams,
Till all the air with wonder teems.

The sweet hours come, the sweet hours go;
Upon the hearth the fire burns low;
Then dainty singers, dreamy-eyed,
From rhythmic covers softly glide,
Crooning their low, delicious runes,
And, lulled by cadence of the tunes,
I fall asleep amid the elves
That hide in covers on my shelves.

“Spoiling the Enemy”

HOW LEW WALLACE TAUGHT HIS MEN A LESSON

By MARGARET SULLIVAN BURKE

WHEN the distinguished author of *Ben Hur* was a soldier, fighting for his country without a thought of some day in the misty future writing one of the grandest books in the English language, he was a great stickler for morals

among the men under his charge, as colonel of the Eleventh Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry, known as the Zouaves. Many are the tales that are told of how he enforced his own exalted ideas of human responsibility upon his

men when he became cognizant of anything in the least crooked; and they, even when the subjects of his discipline for such lapses as they had previously thought quite venial, worshipped him as a "fair god" on account of this higher plane. Of these stories the following is a sample; and it is true, for it was related to me by the sergeant who was the chief actor in the little scene.

The colonel had just emerged from his tent one day as a squad of his men, under the command of this sergeant, marched into camp, each bearing on his shoulder a load of well-seasoned rails from somebody's fence. They stopped near the colonel, and, throwing down their burden, saluted their commander, who addressed the sergeant thus:

"You have a fine lot of firewood there. Where did you get it?"

"From old Reb' Blank's fence over there, and we were not over-particular about merely touching the top, either," laughed the sergeant; "but cleaned out whole panels, as long as we could lift a rail to our shoulders. 'Spoiling the enemy,' you know, Colonel."

"Has Mr. Blank enlisted in the Confederate army, then?" asked Wallace.

"Why no, Colonel. But he keeps up a mighty big thinking that way," said the sergeant.

"Well," said Colonel Wallace, "you have not put those rails in the right place; shoulder your arms once more, boys; fall in line, Sergeant, for I will command this squad now."

They did as they were ordered, and falling into line, were commanded:

"Right about face!" turning them in the direction from which they came.

"Forward! March!" was the next order, and off they tramped, the colonel at their head, until the field which they had despoiled of its fences was reached. "Halt!" the colonel commanded; and they sheepishly obeyed, having some time since begun to smell a good-sized rodent.

"Order arms!" and down went the rails to the ground. "Now boys," said Wallace; "I want to say a few friendly words to you. It is one thing to spoil the enemy, and quite another to steal from a noncombatant. What Mr. Blank's private opinions are, I do not know, neither do I think it my business in the least; but that he has never done the slightest thing to annoy us, I do know; to the contrary, we have received considerable kindness at the hands of his family, and only last week his wife sent a pitcher of fresh milk every morning to one of our boys who was sick. Now boys, replace those rails, and make that fence as good as it was before; if you make it somewhat better, I think the Union of the states will bear the strain, for the people of our country both North and South, and all the bravest and best soldiers, believe in fair play."

The squad did as they were ordered, and then, as they fell into line again, the sergeant raised his hat and cried:

"We believe in fair play, Colonel!" Then, turning to his comrades: "Three cheers and a tiger for our colonel, boys!" And, swinging their hats above their heads, it was given with a will, after which they were disbanded and left by the colonel in the woods, to gather honest fuel from the fallen timber there, with which to cook an honest supper.

AMONG THE PINES

BY MABEL CORNELIA MATSON

THIS is the temple of the Lord Most High.
Tall pines reach up to meet the bending sky;
Their breath like fragrant incense on the air,

The while they murmur low their ceaseless prayer.
Here birds chant joyously their hymns of praise,
And all the days are holy Sabbath days.

June Winston

A NOVEL COMPOSED OF TEN SHORT STORIES

By *CARRIE HUNT LATTA*

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JAMES CARRINGTON, JR."

THE SIXTH STORY

LIGHTS streamed out of the windows of the Winston house. Girls in light dresses and boys dressed in their best, chattering and laughing, went in at the front door.

June was having a party. She called it a farewell party, because she was going away to school. She looked very sweet and dainty in a white, lace-trimmed dress. Her cheeks glowed softly pink and her eyes were bright with happiness.

Willie Anderson, resplendent in a military suit with innumerable brass buttons, was there.

"Skeet" was there, with eyes for no one except a black-eyed girl who was visiting his sister Maggie, of "fairy" fame. Maggie was developing into a sensible, matter-of-fact person. She was going away soon to a normal school, to fit herself for a teacher.

"Whitewash," rather meek, but very well-behaved, watched June with adoring eyes but spoke to her only when she spoke to him. She had forgiven him, but Willie had only partially done so. And as Willie was present and appeared at June's side so often and at such unexpected moments, it seemed best for "Whitewash" to keep his distance.

So he smiled at June and danced with Alida Slade, making himself so agreeable that Alida declared afterward that, of the whole bunch of bad boys, she believed "Whitewash" would turn out the best. A rather doubtful compliment.

John, who had spent full two hours in dressing, wore a collar which was wonderful to see, it was so high. Before

the evening was half over his neck was very red and every turn of his head almost brought the tears to his eyes. But what did it matter? Had not Pearl Marie Henderson told him how well he looked in a high collar? Pearl Marie, who still carried her tip-tilted nose high in the air. Who, though not pretty, had a certain style and grace about her which would, when time and experience had toned her down a little, make her an attractive woman.

Harold, who had reached the age when, according to Clementine, "all boys is jest edzactly alike fer awhile an' all of 'em soul-burdenin'," strutted and bragged and made himself unpleasant accordingly. John watched him and wondered if he had ever acted like that.

Ah, John, even so. And even worse; and not entirely over it yet, either.

Mr. Winston watched the young people from the door of the library. And, like many another father, compared his children with the other children. And the other children suffered in comparison, of course.

And Clementine, in a new dress, which was almost covered by a white apron, with her hair "frizzed" in a fearful and wonderful manner and wearing a bow of white tucked among the "frizzes,"—June had put it there—was in her element.

She dodged wildly about; had several head-on collisions with the dancers; bolted into the library now and then to tell or ask Mr. Winston something.

At one time she bounced very unexpectedly into the little music-room where

John and Pearl Marie, sitting rather close together, were discussing music—and early marriages. The look John gave to Clementine would have chilled a tombstone, but it did not have the slightest effect on Clementine.

Instead, she glanced at them sharply; then, crossing the room, she looked at Pearl Marie's dress critically.

"Stand up, Pearlie. You ain't got your skirt pinned straight. Go on out, John, while I fix it fer her."

And John went, with an angry flush on his face. Why did Clementine persist in treating him as if he were a little boy? And Pearl Marie, who hated beyond anything else to be called "Pearlie," meekly submitted while Clementine pulled and pinned and turned her around.

"That'll do," Clementine said finally, her mouth full of pins. Then, catching sight of John just outside the door, she took Pearl Marie by the arm, saying:

"Come into the dinin'-room fer a minnit an' help me, won't you, Pearlie? You've got sech a way fer fixin' things."

As they passed John, Clementine gave him a significant glance.

"Clementine's too smart," he muttered.

And when the party was over and the lights were turned out, June crept softly into the library to have her little good-night talk with her father. She intended to talk about the party, but after all they talked very little about it and turned their conversation to June's going away.

June, who had never been away from home in her life, looked forward to the going with pleasure, yet the tears would come to her eyes at the thought of leaving home, and most at leaving her father.

Her father gave her much earnest advice, and when he kissed her good-night he said:

"Be honest, faithful and true, little girl, as your mother was."

And June, with her face buried in her pillow that night, knew how lonely her father would be, and resolved in her heart that it should be worth the sacrifice to him and that she would do her best.

She went away early the next morning, her father going with her.

Harold, in spite of his age, had, though no one had suspected it, a heart, and on bidding June goodbye this same heart ached so hard that he sobbed bitterly and begged her not to go.

John wanted to cry, but didn't, while Clementine, with tears rolling down her cheeks, wanted to know "what on earth they was bawlin' fer?" And as June disappeared around a corner, turning for a last goodbye, Clementine waved a pancake-turner wildly, screamed something unintelligible and retired to the privacy of her own room.

Once there she tore about, shaking out bed-clothes, moving furniture, beating rugs and otherwise "workin' off the blues," until it was frightful to hear and to behold. And all the time the tears poured from her eyes so that she could scarcely see and she murmured incoherently about "June," "teenty-weenty" and "that pore, lonesome man." Meaning Mr. Winston. And he would be lonely, too.

But, later in the day, Clementine appeared, smiling, with red eyes and a voice which would tremble,—and took up life as before. Another proof that there's many a brave, good heart hidden away in a rough and uncouth body.

June was to live at the Dormitory for Young Ladies. It was the evening of the next day. June's father had gone back home and June, with her trunk partially unpacked, was preparing for bed. Her first night away from home. The room was a cheerful one, or would be when things were put to rights. Just now there were dresses, shoes, books, pictures and photographs scattered everywhere.

For, besides June's belongings, there were those of her room-mate. The matron had told Mr. Winston, when he objected to his daughter having a strange room-mate, that each room in the dormitory was built for two. That only nice young ladies attended that school and that the young woman selected as June's room-mate came from a good family in excellent circumstances.

So, at that moment, seated on one of the beds, was the room-mate; a round-faced, thick-set girl, with a thick, rough complexion. She was brushing her hair, which was, like her complexion, thick and rough; and was talking very fast and rather loud.

June, brushing her own soft, bright hair, stood, with flushed cheeks, and wished, though she knew she was both unkind and unreasonable, that she could put this stranger out of the room and close and lock the door.

"And remember," the room-mate was saying, "if you'll braid your hair in six or eight small braids, instead of one large one, it will make it so light and fluffy that people will think you have so much more hair than you really have."

And June soon learned that, "to make people think one had so much more of everything than one really had," was the keynote to Myrtilla Roache's character.

And for the first time since she could remember, June went to bed without kneeling at her bedside. She intended to get up when her room-mate had gone to sleep, and say her prayers, but she finally fell asleep herself, with the voice of Myrtilla running on and on about "class pins," "bangled bracelets" and "silk stockings."

And during the next few days, while the classes were being formed and the preliminaries were being attended to, June had little to do except to hear her room-mate talk. And some wonderful things she learned, too.

Myrtilla had been to college the year before, so she took it upon herself to coach June.

"You must," Myrtilla said, regarding the high heel of her shoe complacently, "in order to get into a fraternity—and you must be in a fraternity—be either rich, pretty or stylish. You will, I think, be placed in the pretty class. At least, after you do your hair high. It isn't becoming to you to wear it braided down your back; besides, the boys won't pay the last attention to you if you wear it that way. They'll think you're a child."

"But I don't want the boys to pay me attentions. I will want friends, school friends, among them, like I have at home, but father won't let me have beaux because I'm too young; and he wants me to give all my attention to my studies."

"Oh dear! What an old foggy of a father."

June's face flushed angrily.

"You may tell me what I am or am not, Myrtilla, but you must not criticise father," she said coldly.

"Of course not," Myrtilla assented in a conciliatory tone. "As I said," she went on, "you must be in a fraternity. Why, that's what two-thirds of the girls go to college for. At least nearly two-thirds of them. I'm in one. It isn't the largest one, but it's the one with the most money, and we have a lovely club-house and it's furnished perfectly scrumptious. And we give receptions, the loveliest receptions—when that old frump of a preceptress will let us."

June wondered if the preceptress was really a frump? She did not look like one, and she had smiled so kindly at June that very morning.

"I'll put your name in at the next meeting, and they'll vote on it. I'll let you know whether they want any new members or not," she added carelessly.

She was thinking, as she spoke, whether it would be wise, after all, to

put June's name in. Because, during her absence, Myrtilla had gone through June's wardrobe very carefully. And her clothing was not fine at all and she did not find a single party dress. And what good could a girl do at college without a party dress?

To be sure there was one dress, a white, lace-trimmed affair, which some people might call a party dress, but it was so simple and plain! And Myrtilla liked furbelows of all descriptions, and possessed them.

Ruffles and bows of ribbon, lace, fancy hair-pins, neck-chains both long and short, rings, and pins of so many different kinds fastened on the front of her dress that she looked like a foreign commander-in-chief—these were the things which delighted the soul of Myrtilla.

Having been reared in an altogether different atmosphere, having altogether different ideas of their future lives, June being simple and economical in her tastes and Myrtilla being just the opposite, these two did not find each other congenial. But there was one thing which kept Myrtilla from making a change. And that was, that, as the weeks flew by, June became rather popular. And even though one is rich and rather "stunning" in both dress and manner, a popular friend helps matters.

And during this time June learned that, if one went about it right, one could change one's room-mate. So, excusing herself to Myrtilla the best she could, by telling her it would be better if they each had a room-mate who was also a class-mate, Myrtilla being a year ahead of June, she left Myrtilla.

She had found a new friend, and by mutual agreement they took a room together. The friend was pretty, with dark, curling hair and dark eyes; who studied hard, honestly tried to improve her mind, to take care of her body and to keep her soul white. And, as June was laboring in the same

way, Grace Avery became her lifelong friend.

And then—then came Clementine—to visit June. Clementine, dressed in black silk, wearing a new bonnet which had on it, beside other trimmings, the largest, reddest rose June had ever seen. With her hands, her work-worn hands, encased in a pair of the stiffest, most unyielding kid gloves ever manufactured; which she wore only when out of doors and removed at the very moment she entered any kind of a building. Who wore cloth gaiters ornamented on the toes with a large, shining black button and a little, stiff gauze bow. A fact she explained, to whoever she met, by saying she thought—"I'll be walkin' so much that my other shoes 'd pinch my corns. But I'm pos'tive I won't ketch cold fer I fetched my articks."

"Give Clementine all the pleasure you can," June's father had written. "She is so proud to have you in college and will not rest easy until she has paid you a little visit. It may seem strange to you that I am willing for her to come. But remember, dear, how much she has done for you and yours, how faithfully she has done her self-imposed duties."

And June did, though it caused her many a struggle and a good many tears. She bravely tried to keep her mind off her guest's queer manners, was blind to the way she looked and deaf to the way she murdered the English language.

Trouble began with the very first meal. As June, followed by Clementine, who stared admiringly at everything, went down the long dining-room to their table, some one tittered; it was followed by a hiss, ever so slight, but, nevertheless, a hiss.

With a flush of indignation, June glanced in the direction it had come from. It was Myrtilla. There was a sneer on her lips and she laughed aloud as June looked at her.

Myrtilla had three reasons for sneering. In the first place she had not forgiven June for changing her room. In the second place she always made fun of poor or oddly-dressed people. And thirdly—she was jealous.

For June's room-mate had a brother. A handsome, dark-eyed young fellow, who wore his curling hair rather long and who had a way of putting it back from his forehead, using exactly three fingers in the operation, with a grace that was adorable.

At least, so Myrtilla thought. But whatever Alex. Avery thought of, Myrtilla he had, so far, kept it to himself. While from the day he had met June he had been her devoted slave. And she had accepted his homage, pretending to herself, or pretending to pretend, that it was all on account of her warm friendship for his sister Grace. Anyhow, these three—June, Grace and Alex.—were almost inseparable.

The three sat at the same table and June had told her friends of Clementine's proposed visit. And although June had given them some idea of Clementine, they were surprised, and showed it, though they tried hard not to.

Clementine shook hands with them, across the table, and, as she tucked her napkin under her chin, she looked about and nodded approvingly.

"This is a purty big boardin'-house, ain't it, June?"

"Yes, indeed," June answered, wishing from her soul that Clementine would not talk so loud.

"I had the most dee-lightsome trip up here. An' do you know, Alex.,—you don't mind if I call you Alex. do you?—June calls you that when she mentions you so frequent so I feel like I've always knowed you. Do you know this was my first ride on the railroad cars sence I was a child. But bein' jest a baby, in long clothes, I don't r'member much about that other trip."

June dropped her fork with a great clatter. Alex tried to hide a smile and there was a look of wonder on Grace's face.

"And you seem common to me, too, Grace. June never had no sister as lived, so I reckon that's why she is so tuk with you. My, it ain't hard to tell that you two is brother an' sister. You ain't twins, are you?"

"No," Grace said faintly.

"We might have been if there hadn't been three years difference in our ages," Alex. replied, trying to hide his embarrassment by saying something smart.

Clementine looked at him sharply. There was something in his tone which she did not quite understand. After a short pause, during which she looked at Alex., she turned to June.

"Seems to me, June, as you pay 'nough fer your board here to git meat as ain't so tough as this. Goodness! This here beef wasn't no Spring chicken."

As she laughed hilariously there came, from the table opposite, a suppressed giggle. Alex. heard it and looked to see. Grace heard it and tried to catch June's eyes so that she might encourage her with a look or a smile. June heard it, and recognized it.

And Clementine heard it and turned entirely around in her chair to look.

"I allus hated a laugh like that. I'd ruther a person'd jest cackle out good an' hearty er else fer them to smile good an' wide an' do their laughin' inside of 'em. I've heard that real ladies does their laughin' that way, inside. Which one of them girls was it that done that laughin'? The one as looks like a live fence-rail, er the one with a face like a under-done pie? Ugh! It was pie-face. I c'n tell by the look on 'er ugly face."

"Oh, Clementine, don't. Please don't. They hear you." Clementine patted one of June's hands.

"I won't, honey, if you mind. But what if they do hear me? I heered them."

And so it went wherever they were. Clementine seemed bent and determined to disgrace both herself and June.

By and by June noticed that Alex. was late to meals. And then he did not come at all. Even Grace, dear Grace, who tried so hard to be sweet and pleasant, had two or three sudden headaches at meal-time.

At first Alex. and Grace went with June when she took Clementine over the city to see the sights. Then Alex. could not go any more on account of having to prepare for coming examinations.

Then Grace could not go with them, because she went home for a little visit. She could not bear openly to desert her friend by refusing to go, nor could she be quite brave enough to go.

It seemed that everywhere June and Clementine went, there was Myrtilla. And later, it was Myrtilla and Alex. And Myrtilla laughed openly at Clementine, while Alex. looked bored and uncomfortable.

Alex., deprived of both his sister's and June's company, was lonely and had fallen a victim to Myrtilla's charms. She treated him royally, agreed with whatever he said, admired whatever he did, and flattered him until he said to a friend that she wasn't such a bad sort, after all.

But, at the sight of June's flushed face and the appealing look in her blue eyes, he felt guilty in spite of himself.

Clementine had planned to go home on a certain day. But, seeing some wonderful pictures on a bill-board, advertising a wonderful play, which would be given on the same Wednesday on which she had planned to return home, she decided to stay and go to the Opera-House, partly on her own account and partly on Harold's. She would have one more wonder to tell him about.

So, thinking she had gone home, Grace returned on that same Wednesday evening. Alex., who had "wanted a change" and had got it by taking his meals elsewhere for a time, heard that Clementine was going away, so came back.

And that was how it happened that the four met at breakfast on the morning that Clementine did really go. The play on the afternoon before had not been as advertised, so Clementine wished she had gone as she had planned. She was quite worn out with seeing so much, and, to tell the truth, the excitement and loss of sleep had made her a bit cross.

So she barely spoke to Grace, and, looking disapprovingly at Alex., said spitefully:

"I hope you'll get enough of Miss Pie-face. Of all the sneery, ugly-mannered girls I ever seen in my life, she's the worst. I never went to college, but I learned long afore I was knee-high to a tater-bug nót to make fun o' my betters."

Alex. flushed but made no reply. Myrtilla, who heard Clementine's statement, angry and mortified, looked up, and, catching Alex.'s eye, made an ugly face in Clementine's direction.

The very worst thing she could have done. First, because she was not at all pretty when she looked natural, so could not afford to make herself look any worse than was necessary. Especially in the eyes of one she adored.

In the second place Alex. felt the truth of Clementine's words. And from that day Myrtilla's smiles were, as far as Alex. was concerned, wasted on the desert air.

June, who could not eat a bite of breakfast, glanced nervously at Clementine and scented more trouble. And sure enough.

Clementine was, at that moment, regarding the contents of her plate with

a critical eye. Then she pushed it back from her with a snort of impatience.

"I'll be glad to git home an' git some good provender. Ef I was you, June, I'd come home, fer I bleeve Providence intended fer us to satisfy our stummicks first and our brains arterwards. I don't see how you've stood th' eatin' fer so long, I declare fer it I don't. I'm goin' to send you a box of vittles as soon after I git home as I can cook 'em."

June murmured her thanks, and Grace tried to say it would be very nice. But there was something in June's eyes as she flashed a look of warning or appeal, or something, at Alex. which kept him from saying anything.

Clementine sniffed and rapped on the table with her knuckle.

"Come here, young feller. This won't do. It's done purty well, along with new buildin's, new people an' other new things. But now, things is old. An' these aigs among 'em. An' this coffee, too. I bet they're the same grounds as was used all day yistiddy. Here, take this quarter, I've allus heered you paid twict fer everthing you git in a city, an' hit's true; give it to thet cook out there an' tell her, er him, whichever they is, that I'm a cook myself. An' I know when things is good and when they ain't. An' that I want a fresh aig, cooked four an' a half minutes. An' fetch me a cup of tea. I can't swaller anything as tastes as much like dishwater as this coffee does. I've got to have something hot er I'll have a sick headache on the railroad cars. Ridin' on the railroad-cars allus does give me a sick headache."

And with this, Clementine leaned back in her chair with an air as if she had traveled extensively, at least around the world.

The waiter, a young college man, who waited on table for his board, hesitated. His face was very red and the quarter lay where Clementine had placed it.

And right here was where Alex. rose

to the occasion. While it took him a long time to make June forget that he had deserted her in her time of trouble and had gone over to the enemy besides, this went a long way toward helping to reestablish friendly relations.

He called the waiter to him and something he said, or did, caused Clementine to get the fresh egg and the cup of hot tea. At the very sight of which her good temper returned and she grew voluble, entertaining those around her by telling of some of the sweet and cunning things June had said and done when she was "teenty-weenty," and how she, Clementine, had objected to June's mother naming her June. And why.

And when she had gone, June shut herself up in her room, with a wet towel bound around her head. She did not try to read or study but rested all that day. Thinking it over. And, among other things and people she thought about was Myrtilla. Could they ever be friends?

But, after all, the experience did June no harm. Her father wrote to her and thanked her for being so kind and patient and called her "his brave little woman." And that alone repaid her. Clementine wrote that she'd "never fer-git it; never."

John wrote a very long letter, saying that it ought not to have been allowed, and he would like to see Clementine try to visit him; and Harold wrote to her and told her she was a "brick."

And Grace kissed her and told her she was a dear girl, and wished she could be like her. Alex. sent word to her—he sent word because June would not let him bring it—that she was "true blue." And that if ever anyone deserved a gold crown, solid gold and studded with diamonds, she did. Though he hoped it would be a long time before she got her just deserts.

All of which made June very, very happy.

STRANGERS



By THOMAS W. STEEP

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WM. C. RICE, JR.

IN violation of one of the John Worthy's most inviolable mandates, that prisoners shall not loaf during working hours, Gasky had crawled over his lathe and was craning his neck through the bars of the workshop window to get a view of the scrubman engaged below in swabbing the stone steps of the institution's main entrance. Gasky had seen the scrubman clean the *middle* of the steps before, but now that individual was purging *all* of them, rubbing brush and soapsuds into the most inaccessible corners so that the water was running away in dirty little rivulets, leaving a white surface behind. How immaculate the steps were looking after their bath and the wholesome application of a dry rag! The scrubman must have had special orders. And several pots of geraniums were being set out,—bright blossoms on huge, bushy, green plants stuck in brick-red pots. In his own ideal of ambition,

somewhat narrowed by prison walls, Gasky had often wished he might grow up to inherit the prerogatives of the scrubman, who, inasmuch as he was a prisoner and enjoyed at the same time the liberties of a free man, was said to have a "soft snap." But now the scrubman was working with a vengeance. A distinguished visitor must be expected; perhaps it was—Gasky wormed back quickly to his lathe and out of pure joy threw a block of hardwood across the shop at Sputts and came near hitting the guard.

Visions of a flesh-and-blood angel, clad in noisy, swishy bedizements, flashed through Gasky's mind. His recollection reverted to the last thorough scrubbing of the stone steps. The circumstances were the same; at that time the unwonted cleaning up of the institution was followed by the visitation of a woman, Mrs. Wimple—such a woman

Gasky had never before seen—the wife of one of the directors, it was said; but then, the impropriety of loving another man's wife never occurred to Gasky. Did she not first smile at him? and what thrills he experienced as in a chance crowd he was near enough to her to clasp a handful of the soft, silky stuff of her beautiful skirts! and how, after Mrs. Wimple had spent the day in the prison and he had crawled to the window to see her get into her carriage, the superintendent had the audacity to shake her hand—how he hated the superintendent for that! Timid and insignificant as Gasky had felt before her, he did not quite forgive himself that he had allowed that day's opportunities to pass without throwing his arms around Mrs. Wimple and telling her how he loved her.

Ordinarily, Gasky was not a timid individual. He was a truculent boy quite impervious to the punitive measures of the John Worthy. He had been in the prison so long that its restraint had become a perfectly natural condition, and, being "in" for an indeterminate sentence, he had none of the troublesome hopes of the "time" boys, except that his increasing maturity—he was now twelve—made him lonesome sometimes. He had lost track of his ancestry; and indeed, if the truth be told, he never did know who had been his father and mother. Perhaps the superintendent, by looking up the old registers, could tell where he came from; but the dubious source of Gasky's cognomen was the least of his troubles. To be twelve years old and without the soothing consolation of a woman's sympathy—that was too much. True, he had built up a sort of confidential relation with Pannikin, the matron of the dormitory, but Pannikin was a callous old creature too imbued with the business of making beds and chewing broomstraws to be a fit companion for him. And then the sight of

this celestial visitor had put Pannikin entirely out of the question.

Gasky was fever-deep in expectation. As the wood whizzing in his lathe yielded to the point of his chisel, he did not realize how quickly the morning had slipped away; when the noon whistle blew he wiped his hands on his blue jeans, and, falling into the line of juvenile prisoners to march to the dining-room, he scarcely resented the jab in his ribs with which Spotts retaliated for the fling of the block. At the dinner table Gasky ate with such ecstatic detachment that many of the other boys, in diverse hints and insinuations, expressed much concern over the unwonted taciturnity. He was silent with the greed of one who had discovered a secret happiness impossible of division. None of the other boys was half suspicious that the wily Gasky was up to his neck in love. But Gasky ate heartily—the appetite born of manual labor does not quaver under mere sentiment. The appearance of the superintendent in the dining-room at the end of the meal to announce a lecture was significant. The announcement of the lecture was hailed with delight, not because of the intellectual treat so much as the prospect of a half-holiday. Gasky was right—somebody *was* coming. There always was a lecture when somebody came, to "show off."

No use to tell what a paroxysm of joy Gasky underwent in the next few moments; how in combing his hair at his bunk in the dormitory he determined to make that day an irresistible impression on the woman he loved; how he went down to the lecture-room and took a front seat, to find that the object of his affection already had arrived there and was on the platform, surrounded by a formidable array of officials and other guests. Throughout the lecture, which was ostensibly, though not really, intended for the edification of the juvenile

prisoners, Gasky sat in rapt adoration and worship of the angel on the platform. He did not even know what the lecture was about. He paid no heed to the other boys, and refused to engage as formerly in the paper-wad battle, although some of the paper bullets blown through tin tubes from the rear stung his ear and made him wince. He sat motionless, drinking in the beauties of Mrs. Wimple, but at the same time trying to choke back the passion of envy which was slowly rising within him. For the woman was not alone. Beside her sat a strange, small boy, toward whom she often turned lovingly and upon whose head she frequently rested her hand. This boy was an obstacle Gasky had not calculated upon. The boy had not been with her before. On the occasion of her former visit there had been a clear field; now this interloper had designed to foil his plans.

At the conclusion of the lecture, and as the crowds scattered, Gasky wedged himself toward the steps descending from the platform, desiring to get near Mrs. Wimple, and hoping desperately that the jam would separate the boy from her or that some one else would take him. But this did not happen. Instead, the woman threw a red rag in his face by putting her arms around the boy's neck and thus coming down the steps with him. Gasky shook with rage. But there was a reassuring circumstance. When Mrs. Wimple reached the foot of the steps she turned to the superintendent and said: "I want my little boy to see this place; but I really don't feel like going around again myself. Couldn't you send some one around with him? He would enjoy it so." Just then her eyes caught Gasky's and she smiled at him. "Oh, here is the little fellow I saw the last time." After a little conversation between Mrs. Wimple and the superintendent, the latter called: "Gasky, this is Mrs. Wimple's little

boy. I want you to take him through the building. Show him all the shops, like a little man, and then bring him to the dining-room. Now show him everything."

Gasky looked the strange boy all over, and the strange boy looked Gasky all over; their eyes met, Gasky's aglow with contempt and the strange boy's with tentative inquiry.

With all the temerity he could command, and yet suppressing with an effort the bitterness gnawing his heart, Gasky stepped forward and accepted the commission. The worst of it was that Mrs. Wimple was to be snatched from his vision right then and there; but he made up his mind to get back to her in the dining-room as quickly as possible. To throw more coals on the fire burning within him, Mrs. Wimple actually kissed the strange boy goodbye. This infuriated Gasky and he hurried away with his charge rather brusquely. The boy trotted along bravely and asked questions; meanwhile Gasky conceived a diabolical scheme. He crunched the boy's soft hand in his own, noting that there was no callous on that morsel of warm flesh. This was Mrs. Wimple's little boy, was it? He would enjoy it so, would he? Show him everything! He had kissed Mrs. Wimple. Gasky was a conflagration of jealousy. If he could make the child look ugly, if he could destroy some of its beauty, its sweetness, make it cry, perhaps then Mrs. Wimple would not be so anxious to kiss it. He would punish the child for being so fortunate, for being so lovable, for being the son of its mother. What Gasky did, might perhaps seem improbable and unchildlike had he not before committed the same atrocities on his prison-mates.

The courtyard of the John Worthy is conspicuous for the fact that the house of solitary cells, known as the Solitary, is at one end of it. Gasky wheeled out



*Willie emerged * * * beaming with smiles*

of the hallway into the open with a fixed notion in plan of execution and having thus far said nothing to his charge, he turned with the abrupt interrogation:

"Say, wut's yer name?"

The contrast was complete—Gasky,

a thin, pallid-faced orphan, his feet implanted in a pair of abnormal brogans, his spare body lost in the looseness of his prison garb, his tangly hair fallen over his lean cheekbones or brushing into his sharp, relentless eyes, standing

imperiously for an answer; the other boy dressed in the richness of wealth—a lace collar and lace cuffs, and a flamboyant tie—his plump cheeks rosy with the health of freedom, returning the answer with a look of timorous perplexity. In the one was embodied the assertive independence born of neglect, in the other the utter dependence of parental affection.

"I'm God's little friend. My name is—"

Gasky looked at the boy in dubitation and suspicion.

"Yeh are! Wut's yer name?"

"Willie."

"Willie," repeated Gasky contemptuously. What a common name for a boy like that! He had known prisoners by the name of Willie, but they called it Bill. Willie reached his hand out, and Gasky continued the walk. It was his idea that if the guard in the Solitary was asleep there would be a fine opportunity of showing Willie one feature of the John Worthy. As they approached the door of the house it was evident that the guard with his feet cocked up on the desk not only was asleep, but also that several of the cells were empty and open. Gasky slipped in quietly with the boy and stood in front of one of the open cells, the darkest one he could pick out.

"Now, Willie," he said, "you go in."

Willie hesitated, but with a reassuring push from Gasky he went in, and the door was closed behind him. Gasky knew that it was totally dark within that cell. He also remembered that the last time he was locked in it he saw all kinds of hideous spooks and things. It was a source of much comfort to him to feel that he was captor of so princely a whelp. The longer he sat outside the prison door, the more he enjoyed it, for he fancied the horror of the cell must by this time be playing havoc with Willie's imagination. He placed his ear to the lock in the door, and was sure he heard

whimpering within. Perhaps the prisoner had fallen into a faint. From fear of punishment in case he had to drag a dead Willie to the dining-room, rather than from any humane impulse, Gasky jumped to his feet, unbolted and opened the door. But to his great astonishment, Willie, instead of being dead, or even pale with fright, emerged beaming with smiles and chuckling with happiness.

"It's great!" exclaimed Willie. "It's the greatest thing I ever heard of! It reminds me of Tiky, the dwarf, in the fairy story—you remember Tiky, don't you?"—Willie went on, glowing with vivid remembrance.

Disappointment keen and sharp cut into Gasky's heart. He had hoped to torture Willie; in "God's little friend" he had expected a delicate organism of cowardice and nursery puniness, but instead he found the self-appointed hero of a fairy tale, cheered by the realism of a place which Gasky himself held in detestation. Fairy tales were something Gasky had not prepared for; knew little, almost nothing, about.

"Well, you know Tiky was the dwarf that came out of the cave in the hills of Chupernote," Willie continued. "He was such a happy chump he went through the country without anybody hurting him and he went to the palace of the king and won the heart of the Great Princess Lulu. Now that cell was just like the cave. It was great. I didn't want to come out so soon!"

Willie's hearty optimism, expressed in exuberant laughter as he went on with the story of Tiky and the Princess, pricked Gasky to the core; he would have done anything to deprive the chap of the support of the fairy story; moreover, having to profess ignorance of the fabrication, he was forced to regard it with credulous silence; but what hit him hardest was the distinct usefulness to which it was put in Willie's hands.

They were walking across the courtyard toward the drill-shop, when Willie, in genuine gratification for his last experience, blurted out: "Say, if you come over to my house, I'll let you drive my ponies."

Gasky thought he never had suffered such mortification. "I can't," he replied uneasily.

"Why not?"

"Well, yeh see, I ca—I don't *want* teh," said Gasky, swallowing a lump.

For the moment that followed the thoughts of the two boys were of widely different themes—Gasky's of a prolonged existence in the shadow of the prison walls, and Willie's of a career on the boulevards in red-wheeled pony-carts.

Willie, who was beginning to regard as somewhat commonplace a life whose days began with pancakes and maple syrup and ended with gingerbread and cheese, was now thoroughly envious of Gasky. To be permitted to roam forever about such a mystical array of buildings, as Gasky was, and to be allowed to wear such extraordinary clothes with a number on them and to have a dark cell for a cave—of course he couldn't expect Gasky to leave his entrancing abode, if only for a moment, simply for the sake of riding a pony-cart.

In the mind of the little prisoner in the blue jeans, Willie was being subjected to no less envy. Here, thought Gasky, was a boy like himself and yet so different. Here was a boy whose life was such that it kept him in a constant whirligig of pleasure; who, before long, would be enfolded in the arms of the beautiful woman and would go home, probably in a carriage, to hear more fairy tales upon which to feed his fancy; whose life was not embittered by the taunts and intrigues of a prison, but blessed by the liberties of luxury and fiction. But a certain element of indomitable treachery arose

in Gasky and refused to be forgotten.

As they turned into the drill-shop, now emptied of all the boys, who, in consequence of the lecture, were enjoying a half-day cessation from labor, Gasky felt a renewed impulse to carry out his first design on the boy. The first thing he did as Willie sauntered on ahead merrily was to scoop up from the floor a double handful of shavings and sawdust and shower it on his companion. To the intended insult, Willie, spitting the dust from his mouth and working it out of his neck, replied with another outburst of laughter. The laugh had the effect of challenging Gasky's spirit of deviltry. Some premeditation evidently had been the forerunner of his next act. Seating the willing Willie on one of the benches where the patterns were put together, with his eye on a glue-pot steaming on a heater near by, he made a tricky feint at having had a sudden idea.

"What nice stockings yeh got," he observed as Willie's legs, suspended from the bench, wiggled in yearning for more adventure. Gasky stooped over and began gently to unbutton one of Willie's shoes.

"Yes," said Willie, "they're silk."

"Silk!" exclaimed Gasky. "Yeh don't tell me they're silk!" The exclamation was born of a desire to temperize rather than to express any real surprise, for Gasky had by this time approached the glue-pot with one of the shoes and was jamming the hot lava into it.

"What are you doing?" asked Willie, turning.

"Just fixin' up yer shoes—they'll last ferever when I git t'rough wid 'em." Willie submitted willingly to the putting on of the wet shoe; the other underwent the same process. When the latter had been replaced on its foot Willie helped to button it on. "You know," he said, looking at his shoes and working his feet

as the sticky glue oozed through his stockings and stiffened his toes, "you know that just comes in fine. It's great," he went on, warming up to the thought, "it's just as if I had hoofs. You see Tiky was a little dwarf with horse's hoofs on. That's what made him so queer, and when he saw his feet were different from everybody else's he didn't care and went on as happy as ever. And these shavings are moss! You wouldn't expect a dwarf to come out of a cave without any moss on him, would you?"

Of course there could be no such a dwarf without moss and hoofs—Willie made that so convincing that Gasky, galled to the quick by the inefficacy of his torture-plan, was compelled to concur with a meek, "Oh, of course not."

With much pain, Gasky was beginning to realize the superiority over him of a new element. He could disable his ordinary adversaries with a single bit of strategem, such as a well-aimed throw of a missile or the adroit swing of a club. But here was this little imp of a stranger foiling him with the twaddle of a senseless fairy tale. Determined not to be squelched so readily, Gasky cast about for a new prospect of victory. He knew it was getting late and if he did not soon return with Willie the guard would be after him. If he could linger a little longer, he thought, perhaps the glue would get in its work and make Willie fretful and maybe bring tears to his eyes and soil his face. Except his overwhelming amiability, Willie's face was the most beautiful part of him, and the thought that he was leaving this most vulnerable point of attack go unscathed came to Gasky as they neared that part of the shop where the paints and varnishes were kept. Without a word of explanation, Gasky fished out a pail of purple paint, and, stirring its settled ingredients, lifted the brush, and, holding it with a nice regard lest the paint should run down his own sleeve, said:

"Now come here, Willie,—just a few touches'll fix yeh." Willie tilted up his face with infinite credulity and the brush implanted a ludicrous spot in the middle of his forehead, then another on each cheek and one on his chin.

"Of course," said Willie, "of course a dwarf wouldn't come out of a cave with a face just like everybody else's, would he?"

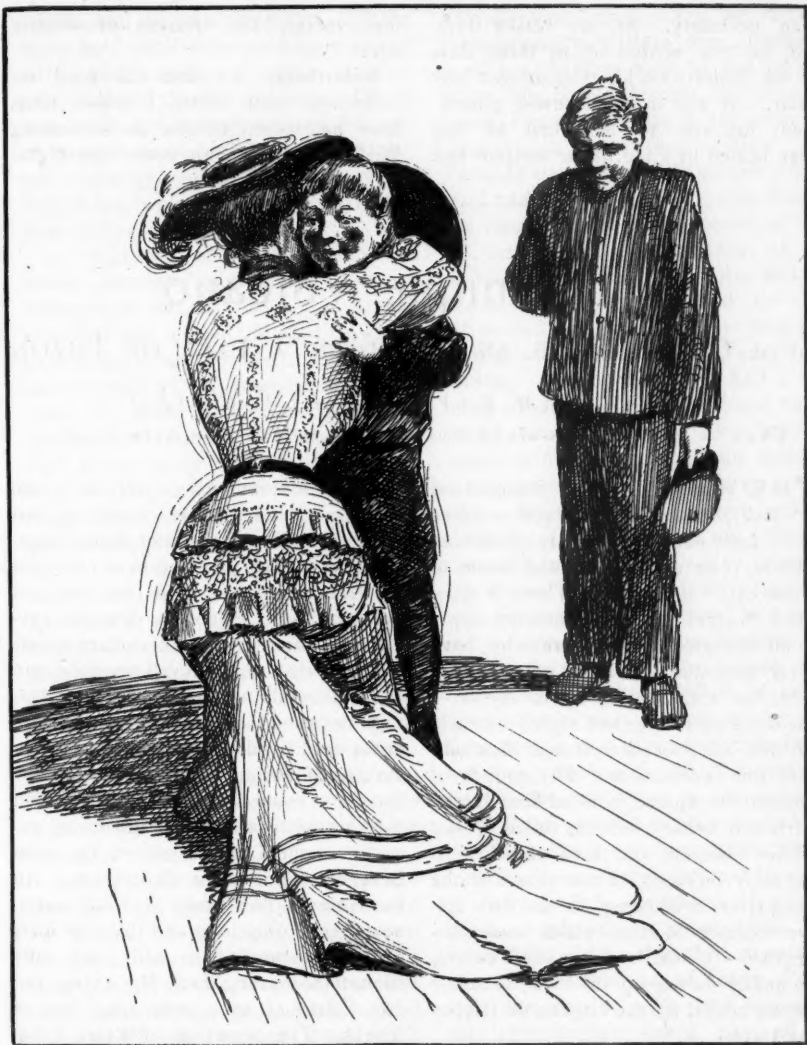
Just then a chorus of subdued laughter, as if coming from some distance, broke in on the stillness of the shop, and Willie, with an ear accustomed to search from the merriment of a crowd a voice familiar to him, remarked that, much to his reluctance, he feared it was time to return to his mother. The sound of the voices stopped Gasky from speaking for a moment. He knew that not far away was the dining-room to which he had been instructed to bring Willie. "Come on," exclaimed the latter, "come on, we're ready now." Tugged by the affable Willie, who now was hunching his back to give increased effect to his dwarf-like assimilation, Gasky, before he was quite aware of it, stood with his charge before the door of the dining-room. From within came sounds indicative that the merriment was over and he thought he heard the voice of Mrs. Wimple. He feared that the hand of retribution might be laid on his head, so he turned to Willie.

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Oh, no. It will just *please* her," insisted Willie. Willie was wiggling himself grimly. "Now," he said, "now Tiky is ready to meet the Princess Lulu!"

That reference to the enigmatical fairy tale was like a dagger-thrust in Gasky's heart. His ire arose mingled with a feeling of defeat and injury, and, grabbing the door-knob, he burst into the room, pushing Willie before him.

Mrs. Wimple flustered and fulminated, her beautiful skirts swishing madly. She shook the child in a storm of amazement



"Kissed him, throwing her arms around his neck"

and confusion, then kissed him, throwing her arms around his neck. Evidently she knew all about Tiky and the Princess, for she led him from the room just as a charming princess would lead an ugly dwarf. Gasky stood transfixed,

the exquisite frankincense of Mrs. Wimple's presence lingering after she had gone. From his point of view he thought that the way she lifted her adorable head upward and scowled at him as she left the room was more heartless

than necessary. As for Gasky himself, he was sentenced to three days in the Solitary for his mismanaged love affair. It was in itself severe punishment for him to feel that he had been beaten by a foe whose weapon had

been merely the illusion of a fairy tale.

Nevertheless he had the fond recollection that Mrs. Wimple must have had much trouble in extricating Willie's feet from his shoes that night.

Our Unique Volcano

GRIM GUARDIAN OF AN ISLAND IN A LAKE OF LUZON

By WILLIAM RAYMOND BLANCHARD

LATE OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH VOLUNTEERS IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN

THE volcano of Taal (pronounced *Tall*), situated on an island in a lake of the same name, about sixty miles from Manila, is an active cone and liable to "raise Cain" at any time. Three of us,—one a "carpet-bagger," a term we apply to all Americans over here who have never shouldered a Krag or a Springfield, but a thoroughly good fellow,—one other ex-soldier and myself recently put into our pockets each \$30, Mexican, took our revolvers and fifty rounds of ammunition apiece, donned blue flannel shirts and kahki clothing, rolled up our soldier blankets and hid ourselves in the early morning to the shores of the Pasig river, embarking on the little native steamer *Modile*, which means in English—"quick." After some delays, we finally started up the river of many crooks, bound for the Laguna de Bay, or Bay Lake.

Passing the San Miguel brewery, next door to Governor Taft's palace, we were soon among the truck-farms on the upper river. John Chinaman was taking a Sunday morning survey of his growing crops, for all the world like some blessed old hayseed at home, with his hands behind him, and a pipe between his teeth. Next we passed the Standard Oil

company's storehouses, (you can't lose them) and the historic church at San Pedro Macati, the scene of many fights. Past the military reservation of the post of Manila, situated high on a hill; a beautiful spot, which has cost the government about a million dollars so far. Next the little craft shoved her nose into the bank, and amid frantic yells in Tagalog, we pushed off, only to run in again at the next bend. After passing the little city of Pasig, capital of Rizal province, our route lay among swamps and marshes, until we sighted the broad expanse of the Laguna, one of the most beautiful sights in the Philippines. An immense shallow body of fresh water, some sixty miles long and thirty or forty broad, surrounded by hills and lofty mountains, among them Maquiling and San Cristobal, each over 7,000 feet in height. The provinces of Rizal, Tayabas, Laguna and Cavite all touch on this lake, which is the heart of the Tagalog stamping-ground.

Our little boat was crowded to an extent which would be impossible in America. Natives, Chinos, and some few Americans huddled together like cattle in a car, squatted on the deck or seated on bamboo stools about six inches

square, and the same in height. Two or three beef cattle were passengers in the stern, and numberless game roosters were scattered through the crowd. Odors of tobacco, garlic, betel-nut and fish, not to mention unwashed Malay and Chinese humanity, rob this trip across the lake of much pleasure to one of refined sensibilities.

As we approached the town of Calamba, province of Laguna, a lot of native boats, bancas, cascos, etc., started in a mad race for the "Madali," (which should have been named the Slow) in order to take off the passengers for that port. We three tumbled ourselves and our bundles into one of the first, and after being nearly upset in the frantic rush, were rowed to the shore, paying twenty cents, Mexican, for the privilege. On nearing the shore, the native cocheros drove their "carretelas" (a small, two-wheeled pony cart) into the water to meet us. I made a flying leap into one, and my two companions into another, and we were driven from the "playa," or shore, into the town, which lies about a half-mile from the lake, on a hill. It is the same as all other Filipino towns, a lot of nipa (or palm and bamboo) shacks, with a few wooden and stone houses, and a great stone church in the center, or "poblacion."

Arrived in the town, about one p. m., the inner man demanded attention, and we hunted up the only restaurant in the place, run by an American, with native help. Here we regaled ourselves with roast chicken, steak, potatoes and "squashed" pie, washed down with military coffee. It was to be our last square meal for some time. While we were getting our "chow," our cocheros went after extra horses for their rigs, as the roads are too hard for one pony. On their return, we left Calamba at a lively pace, and, passing through fields of young rice and groves of bananas, emerged into an open, hilly country covered with

waving cogon grass. On we rattled, through barrios (villages) over ravines on good iron bridges built by the United States engineers, through the town of Santa Tomas, arriving at the town of Tananan at about four o'clock. In Tananan we "buscared" (hunted for—a word adopted into the Philippine-American tongue) some saddle ponies to take us over the trail to Ambulong, on the shores of Taal. Four sorry-looking mares were brought around for ourselves and our guide. They were furnished with native saddles and rope bridles. One of the mares had a colt blind of one eye, which refused to be parted from its mother. We left Tananan at five p. m., and rode through orange groves until about seven p. m., when, after descending a long incline, the Lake of Taal burst on our vision in the gathering dusk. At a nipa shack on the shores we negotiated for a banca to take us across to the volcano the following morning. After some haggling, we secured the services of five natives, with their banca, for fifteen dollars, Mexican. They were to start with us before daylight the next day. After completing our "negocios" with the "banqueros," we put the rope's-end to our apathetic steeds, and ambled on into Ambulong.

After purchasing our supplies, we repaired to our couches, but not to sleep. A native band, consisting of a bass-drum of pig-skin, a snare-drum, and some kind of a bamboo flute, started in to celebrate the advent of fifteen dollars into the barrio. We had requested the constabulary guard to call us at four o'clock, in order that we might get our breakfast and make an early start for the volcano. Some time during the morning, my bed-fellow awoke me, saying that it was five o'clock. We awoke our banqueros, climbed down the cliff, wrapped our army blankets about us, and started off in the chill air of the morning across that mysterious

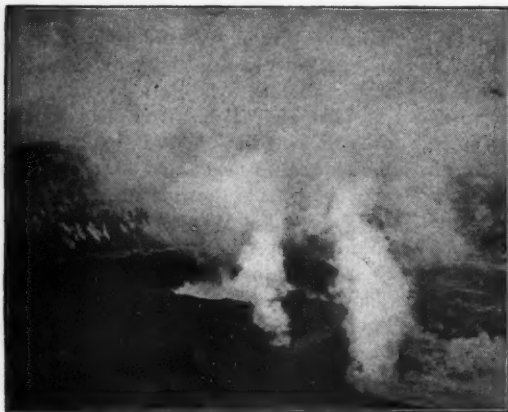
lake, to see a sight which perhaps is not to be found in any other country in the wide world: a gate to the infernal regions—a mighty power for evil—rising from the bosom of a charming lake.

The island of Pulo, containing some 200 square miles of territory, lies about five miles out. At first we could see nothing upon it which suggested a volcano. In fact, we concluded that one of the other islands, off to our left, must be the destroyer. This latter, together with all the small islands in our range of vision, had the appearance of having been poured into the lake in a molten

morning meal. Soon we were abreast of the island and working our way around to the left, to our landing-place. On this side the appearance of barrenness extended almost to the water's edge. A deep ravine running into the hill, heavily wooded, with a little mossy rill running through it, furnished the only sign of life. Here were heard the songs of birds and the whirring wings of wild chickens.

We landed on a narrow strip of beach flanked by black volcanic rock, and after a frugal breakfast of animal-crackers and condensed milk, threw our canteens over

our shoulders, and, following our guide, "hiked" up the steep sides of the ravine onto the white, barren slopes of the volcano. It seemed a very short distance to the top. The sky-line looked very near. But after some ten minutes of hard work, in a blazing sun, we were quite content to sit down under the shade of a rock and catch our breath. Again we started for the sky-line, but upon reaching it, found that it wasn't there. By this time, we were bathed in perspiration, with our kahki coats off and our bosoms bared, pant-



THE BOILING LAKE IN THE INNER CRATER

state and solidifying, with ridges running down to the water in all directions from the summit. Everywhere was seen the stupendous effects of ancient upheavals. What had been a land of fire was now clothed in soft tropical verdure.

As we approached Pulo, however, we discerned, rising about the green undulations, a strange-looking peak of barren whiteness, like the ashes which gather on the embers of last night's fire-log. On the end of the island, furthest from the volcano, a small column of smoke was rising on the morning air, where a fisherman was preparing his

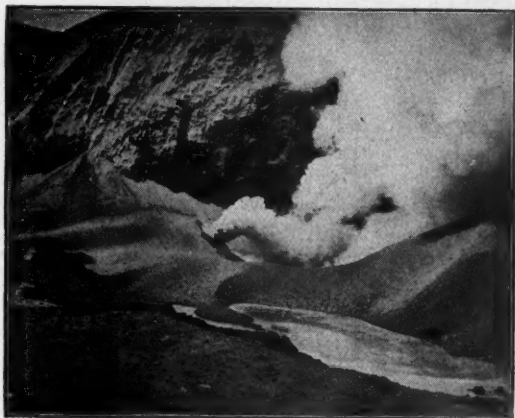
ing from the heat. As if in pity for our condition, a sudden flurry of wind swept up from the lake like a breath from the Pole. There was a hurried donning of coats, and with renewed vigor we plodded on over the immense ash-heap, finally arriving at the top in about three-quarters of an hour from the time we started.

And then—we were stricken dumb with the grandeur of the sight which burst on our view. An immense amphitheater, some 7,500 feet across in one direction by 6,500 in the other, with almost perpendicular sides; steam rush-

ing out of innumerable fissures in the walls with a noise like the exhaust of some titanic engine; a smaller amphitheater in the center, inside of which were two boiling lakes, throwing up clouds of steam far into the heavens, and the whole scene absolutely devoid of any sign of organic life, save for one inquisitive bee which had followed us from the base. The brilliant morning sun shone on the colored rocks and strata, on the fields of yellow sulphur, white ashes, black volcanic sand, and those awful, boiling lakes, producing a scene of incomparable splendor. Nearly every color of the rainbow was represented. A pronounced odor of sulphur was on the air.

We had meant to descend into the crater, but upon reaching the top, concluded that we could see all that was to be seen from there. First one and then the other remarked that there was no need to make that arduous descent, or that there was nothing more to be seen down there, anyway. Of course we were not afraid. No, no, just tired. One of the boys sat down on the edge and proceeded to shoot up the scenery with his kodak while we two others made a tour of exploration along the summit. Coming to an opening in the wall, with a sort of shelf running along inside, we entered with something of the air of a chicken, which, taking advantage of temporary quietness, pokes its head into a forbidden kitchen. If the presiding demon had made any explosive remarks we should have widened that breach in getting away. Our native guide told us that it was all right, but he modestly refrained from forcing himself to the front, leaving that honor to the more aggres-

sive Anglo-Saxon. The fact is, we were all trying to get behind one another, with more or less success. But, after a time, as nothing very extraordinary happened, we pushed on a little further to where our road was barred by an immense rock. After squeezing around this obstruction, we saw the trail zigzagging down the side, and cautiously commenced the descent. The wind was eddying around with a fierceness which bade fair to hurl us from our foothold, and, to increase the interest of our situation, apparently solid rock turned out to be nothing but ashes and crumbled away



AN ERUPTION OF SULPHURIC SMOKE

beneath our feet, clattering down the 500-foot descent amid clouds of dust. However, we finally reached the bottom, where we were joined some fifteen minutes later by our friend of the camera, who, upon spying us half-way down, had taken heart unto himself and followed in our footsteps.

We then ascended the inner crater, and found ourselves directly over the boiling lakes, a hundred feet below. These lakes are not molten lava, but boiling liquid, apparently water mixed with sulphur, to the consistency of milk, and something like it in appearance.

Explosions occurred every few minutes, throwing the liquid into the air, while jets of steam obstructed the surface. When the wind cleared away the steam, a huge expanse of yellow was seen where the explosion occurred. The surface was in constant motion. A further descent was impossible from the side upon which we were, but from the other side, one could reach the shore, the inner crater having been broken away at that point so that a plain of black sand and sulphur reached the edge of the pit. I should beg to be excused, however, from going so near, for, where we stood, we very nearly got into serious trouble, and but for the fact that we were upon an elevation with a line of escape to the rear, might never have got out alive. While we were photographing the lake, a change of wind drove the fumes into our faces, and we had to run for our lives down the side of the hill, when the fumes passed over our heads. We coughed and sneezed for an hour afterward. The fumes were exactly like those of a sulphur match, only much stronger.

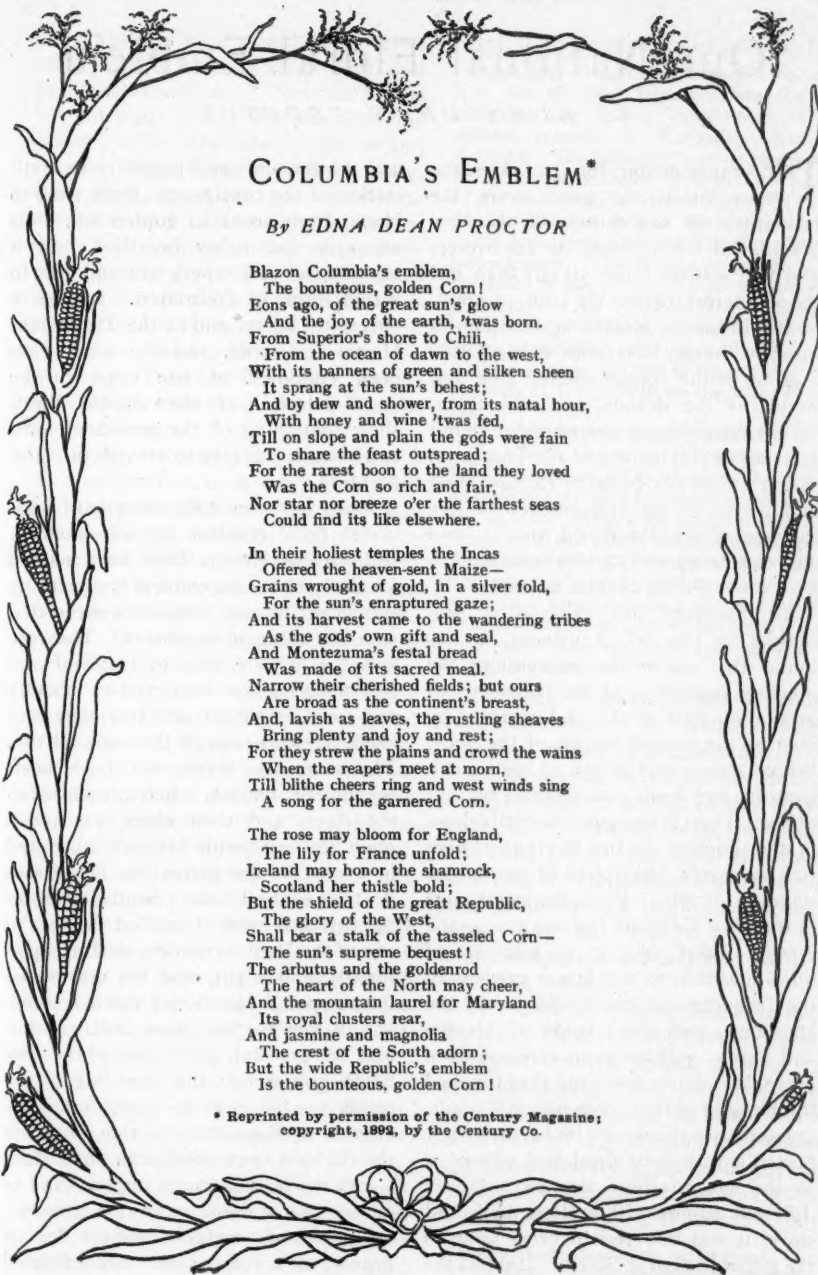
We then explored the outer crater, first walking over a level plain of black sand, then a sulphur bed, and finally a stretch of white ashes, which sank under our feet, leaving us making wild clutches at the atmosphere for support. We had an uncomfortable feeling that the whole thing was hollow, and might open and engulf us at any time. On reaching the outer wall, where the steam was rushing from the rocks, we had a close contact with the volcanic fires. Our guide stuck his bare foot into a bed of steaming gravel, but quickly withdrew it with an exclamation of pain. A heat like that of a furnace radiated from the cliff, but we went up a few feet, and looked into some of the fissures. The rocks were covered with sulphur, and the color effects were magnificent.

From here we started on our return, passed through a deep crevice in the

rocks extending about a quarter-mile, mounted the trail and reached the summit after several rests, without further incident, save that a small whirlwind sent some big rocks clattering down the side, causing us to think an earthquake had taken a hand in the entertainment.

Upon arriving at our landing-place, we found our "banqueros" had employed their time during our absence in cooking and eating their breakfast, and were now enjoying a siesta. We ate some more crackers, and a part of the breakfast of the natives, which consisted of corn and rice boiled together and eaten with coarse salt and the fingers.

In the meantime, the morning breeze had increased to a gale blowing dead against us, and the waves were dashing upon a lee shore. We shoved off at eleven a. m., after considerable trouble, and tried to make the lee of an island, a half-mile distant. After getting about half-way, we were blown back some distance, and for a while, in spite of the frantic efforts of our oarsmen, remained stationary. It had taken us about an hour and a quarter to reach the volcano in the morning, but it required two hours to make the first half-mile on our return. Fighting our way to the first island, we struggled across the channel to the next, and after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded in passing it. Instead of going directly across the lake, we were forced to make for the nearest shore, and edge along from point to point, fighting the waves at every stroke of the oars, and bailing out constantly. Our crew worked as I have never seen a Malay or even a white man work before. We arrived at Ambulong at seven p. m., after eight hours of this terrific toil, having landed three times to rest the crew. Here we secured our horses, and after thanking the constabulary boys for their kindness of the previous night, we took trail for Tananan, arriving famished and saddle-sore.



COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM*

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread;
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn—
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

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Our National Floral Emblem

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

THE strange people, the clear skies, the dense forests, the great rivers, the brilliant birds and flowers of the New World, did not impress its discoverers and first settlers more vividly than did the wonderful maize—the corn, or grain, of the Indians. Returning to Spain in his first voyage, Columbus carried back a group of the copper-colored men and women of the islands, and with them, ears of the golden maize which he found growing in Hayti and Cuba. This grain was as unlike any cereal of Europe, Asia and Africa, as the Indians were unlike the races of the Old World, and its fame and culture spread rapidly from land to land wherever the climate favored.

As discovery and exploration progressed in the new continent, it was found that maize was everywhere the precious possession of the tribes—with game their staff of life, and regarded by them as the special bounty of the gods. Whole rituals had grown up for its cultivation, and been made sacred by ages of use. Their languages, especially those of the Pueblos of the Southwest, were rich in words descriptive of its various stages of growth. From the small plots of the New England Indians among the girdled forest trees or in some bit of open meadow, to the larger gardens of the Iroquois and the Pueblos, and the abundant, well-tilled fields of Mexico and Peru—with religious ceremonies of prayer and dance and song they invoked the blessing of their gods upon its planting and gave thanks for its harvest; they buried it with their dead and offered it to the sun in their temples. Under different names, with endless myth and story, it was honored in every tribe as the gift of the Great Spirit. It saved the lives of the first European settlers here,

and it has been a vast factor in the civilization of the continent. From stalk to blade, from tassel to golden ear, it is uniquely and nobly beautiful, and it brings grace and superb tint and line to varied forms of decoration. Its use in our own Capitol and in the Parliament House at Ottawa, and the way it has been employed of late years in the "corn-palaces" of the middle West, show something of the wealth of form and color it can give to architecture and painting.

Much has been said recently of a national floral emblem for our country, and various blooms have been named for the honor. An emblem is something significant of and intimately associated with the thing it represents. The rose and the lily are dear to England and to France because for centuries in camp and court, in council and fray, they have been an expression of the national life. The shamrock thrills the Irish heart because St. Patrick, when preaching to the chiefs and their clans, plucked a plant growing beside him and illustrated by its tri-lobate leaves the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity. Scotland reveres the thistle because it pricked the foot of one of the Danish invaders stealing upon the army at night, and his cry roused the camp and the enemy was overcome. We all love the shy, sweet, trailing arbutus; the graceful, pretty columbine; the lavish goldenrod; the blue flag of the meadows; but, with the exception of the arbutus in Massachusetts, they have not the slightest connection with our history—not the least patriotic import—and to choose one of them, or any other flower, as a national emblem, simply for its beauty of color, or for some fancied meaning in its form, is as incongruous

and unworthy as it would be to select some pleasing song and say: "This shall be our national hymn." National hymns are not made thus! *The Star-Spangled Banner*, *The Marsellaise*, *The Watch on the Rhine*, *God Save the King*, were born of stress and passionate devotion, and consecrated in the nation's hours of grief and of peril, of triumph and of joy! So a national floral emblem is not a thing of unrelated, arbitrary choice. To be truly symbolic, it must have been interwoven with the story of the land and the people, and its associations with them must be potent and enduring.

Our stately maize, the golden corn, is the one plant we have which amply fulfills these conditions. It is peculiarly and absolutely American—never a kernel in the world elsewhere till carried from here by Columbus. It grows from the Lakes to the Gulf and from ocean to ocean. It vividly recalls America whenever its name is heard or its real or pictured form is seen. A recent traveler among the fiords of Norway, surprised to see some stalks growing in the garden, said to the inn-keeper's daughter, "Why do you plant the maize when its grain can never ripen?" "Oh," replied the child, "We plant it to please the Americans! They smile when they see it and say that in their land it grows like a forest, and the bins are filled with its golden ears before the snows can fall." *It is a part of the history of the New World, and is invested with the tradition and sentiment and poetry and progress of all the American ages.*

The claims of maize as our national floral emblem are widely and increasingly endorsed. Our eminent historian, the late John Fiske, says of it:

"No other plant is so intimately associated with the whole aboriginal history of the Western hemisphere as Indian corn. Far more than any other

plant, it is the emblem of America!"*

"Curiously enough, but naturally enough, it is one of the earmarks whereby we recognize the historic truthfulness of the earliest records of European visits to America. The beautiful, waving plant, with its exquisitely tasseled ears, which was one of the first things to attract Champlain's attention, did not escape the notice of the hardy Icelanders, Leif and Thorfinn, six centuries earlier. The earliest reference in all literature to the country which we now call America, was by Adam of Bremen in 1073, who speaks of Vinland as a land where corn grows abundantly, without cultivation; for it did not occur to them to dignify the rude methods of the Indians by the name of tillage.

"In this earliest allusion America is already dimly known as the land of maize. Such, so far as floral emblems can go, it unquestionably is. In adopting maize for the national emblem, we do not invent anything out of our fancy, but simply recognize an existing fact. Let me add that this beautiful plant will lend itself to artistic treatment in a greater variety of ways, and is (I believe) richer in aesthetic suggestiveness, than any other that has ever served as a national emblem."**

The song, *Columbia's Emblem*, printed in this number of the National Magazine, was written in the Summer of the Columbian year, after a journey through the matchless corn-fields of the Mississippi valley. Those boundless glories of waving green—the birthright of the New World—eloquent of a dateless past and prophesying a mighty and beneficent future, were a poem grander and more melodious than any that could be voiced in words.

The states will choose their own floral devices. California will have her poppy, Vermont the red clover, Kansas the goldenrod—each one taking what best suits its latitude and its love; but to bind them all together, and to symbolize our broad country, there is but one: the beautiful, distinguished, historic, American plant—the maize, the corn!

* Preface to *The Song of the Ancient People*.

** *The Discovery of America*, Vol. 1, pp. 28, 182.

A CHAPTER OF MERE PERSONAL OPINION

By FRANK PUTNAM

ROOSEVELT

THE grafters hate him.

The trust sharks hate him.

The hair-splitters hanker after his scalp: he declines to end his days discussing the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. *He gets things done.*

The human wolves who worship money and despise common humanity hate him and will break him if they can, since they cannot bend him.

The little group of men who have come to think of the federal government as an exclusive private club, conducted for the benefit of themselves and their friends, and of the senate as its executive committee—they hate him, because he flouts their presumption and remembers that the government is always and instantly answerable to its masters, the People.

The Rockefellers, who resent his opposition to their plans for controlling the earth, resent his independence. So do the "divine-right" Baers and all the others who have "nothing to arbitrate" with the men they employ.

The continental railway lobbyists and their owners, who have always opposed an isthmian canal, hate him, too; and they have the amazing cheek to impeach his recognition of Panama on *moral* grounds. As if there were either good sense or good morals in allowing a handful of petty grafters at Bogota to stand forever in the path of a world's waterway urgently demanded by the farms and factories of two hemispheres! As if these fellows knew the *meaning* of morality!

The kept papers—the Harper's Weeklies, the New York Suns and others of that shady ilk—they hate him with that most savage hate born of a sense of inferiority: *he* owns his own soul and takes orders from no man.

Who *does* like him? O, almost nobody except the voters.



HE NEEDS NO HUGE CORRUPTION FUND

If the money-devils—to paraphrase one of Mr. Bryan's handy sayings—can prevent his nomination in the republican national convention this year, and can put up a man they can trust, they will turn millions into the republican campaign fund. If not, they will back the democratic nominee. The threat has gone forth that they will not put up a dollar to elect him: that if he is nominated he will have to win with an empty party treasury, against a man whom they will spend millions to elect. He does not need a huge corruption fund. He can win without it, over any other man that now seems likely to be named against him. Mayor Sam Jones of Toledo says truly that he is closer to the hearts of the people—the great army of patriotic and incorruptible Americans

FRANK PUTNAM

—than any man since Lincoln. Mr. Bryan is reported to have said he would rather vote for him than for Gorman or any other mis-called democrat or that stripe. He has no need to ask favors from his enemies, or to make terms with them. His safety lies in holding them at arm's length; in acting on his instincts. His instincts, by the way, are of a sort the grafters cannot understand—but the people understand them. The people trust him. They do not share the sham solicitude of his masked foes who shudder (publicly) in fear that he will “make a mistake.” The ardors of impetuous youth drew from him more than one expression which his soberer judgment might well reject: from his convictions upon the blessings of high tariffs many of us decidedly dissent. But since he entered the White House he has proven himself every inch an American and a *man*. The stock-rigging, money-grabbing, pap-sucking grafters of all degrees say they fear him because “they do not know what to expect from him.” The plain truth is that they fear him because they *do* know what to expect from him.



O FOR A MIRACLE!

How about the democrats? Grover Cleveland says he won't have it. Wise Grover. Wiser than the fox, he does not even intimate that the grapes are sour. Gorman is hungry for it; Parker quietly receptive; Hearst eager. Gorman, if nominated, would be buried out of sight: *no man that makes a campaign in lawless defiance of the Constitution of the United States, or any part of it, will ever be elected to uphold that charter of our liberties*. Gorman is a man the trusts could trust—but the people could not. Parker will probably be nominated. He, too, is what the Wall Street crowd terms a “safe” man—safe for Wall Street. Hearst, the only man of the lot who in my belief would have a ghost of a show to win an election, the only man of the lot who has a record of really democratic public service, and the only one who presents a program of virile, modern, progressive Americanism for the people's approval, has, I fear, hardly one chance in a hundred to get the nomination. If through sheer blind luck the pompous incompetents who are now assuming leadership of the party *should* nominate him—and as a democrat I am praying for it—we could sit back contentedly, assured that the race would be worth looking at, and the winner a thoroughbred.

Meantime, the alleged leaders of the democracy in federal senate and house are doing all that lies in their power to prevent the election of any democrat in 1904. If they had sense enough to pound sand into a rat-hole they would see the fatal foolishness of blackguarding the man and the measures that have finally made it possible for the United States to dig the isthmian canal at Panama, where it should be dug, where the people want it dug. No one has been wronged, and the whole civilized world has been benefitted.

Do these democratic leaders hope to deceive anybody, or to better things, by crying “Thief!” and then voting to receive the stolen goods?—(For I do not believe that most of them, hailing from the South, which has everything to gain from an isthmian canal, will dare finally to vote against it.) Are they fools, or do they think that we who are of the rank and file of the party are fools?

As a dear old Irish nurse once remarked to me, “God give us sinse!”

TIMELY TOPICS OF THE S T A G E

By GEORGE T. RICHARDSON



A SCENE FROM "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE," ONOTO WATANNA'S BOOK-PLAY

BY the time this issue of the National is in its readers' hands, I trust that "the age of failure," as this season will long be known in theatrical circles, will have come to an end. By way of variety let us look at some of the good grain scattered among the chaff. Conspicuous in this is another success for David Belasco, whose *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, founded on the Agnes and Egerton Castle novel, *The Bath Comedy*, has replaced Henrietta Crosman on the pedestal of popularity from which of late she has appeared in danger of toppling. Against a scenic background of great elaborateness and beauty is presented a character which, like Miss Crosman's Mistress Nell, charms by sparkling wit and dainty coquetry. *The Admirable*

Crichton, too, appears to have pleased, although William Gillette's role is not quite satisfying to his admirers. The critics—or some of them—were very much exercised over the resemblance of Barrie's play to *A Modern Crusoe*, written by Sidney Rosenfeld for the late Roland Reed. As it is well known that Mr. Rosenfeld's play was based upon a German original, it may be assumed that Mr. Barrie has gone out of his own head for his inspiration. The main difference appears to be that Mr. Barrie made a success of his adaptation of another's ideas, while Mr. Rosenfeld was—well, not lucky. The reason lies, perhaps, in the fact that the two authors approached their work from radically different standpoints. The fact that Mr. Gillette goes

abroad for material for his own use is not very gratifying, for from the author of *Secret Service* much was to be expected for the good of American drama. There is reassurance, however, in the statement that Mr. Gillette is working on a new play, for the fear had arisen that prosperity might have blunted his incisive pen. Apropos of Barrie, his latest play, *Little Mary*, about which London has been talking and which is now Frohmanized—i. e., Americanized—has a queer theme. The stomach is the text and the words *Little Mary* are synonymous for that useful portion of the anatomy. In England, you know, it is considered the height of indelicacy to mention the stomach in polite society. You may talk about your liver as you will, but the stomach is tabooed. The play concerns indigestion and its methods of cure. A queer subject, surely, but the play is called charming, notwithstanding.

IT is no use! A chat on stage topics cannot be cheerful in this year of grace. Let us wring one consoling thought from the cheerlessness. Mayhap the lessons learned from failure may elevate the play average. Many of the disappointments to actors and managers have not been due so much to the intrinsic lack of merit of the plays as to their failure to suit their stars. Theatrical misfits are very common nowadays, thanks to the public's demand for stars. It is hard enough to write a good play, but when the dramatist

knows before he begins that unless he gives some one character about all there is in the scenes, situations and dialogue, it will not be likely to see the stage, he is doubly handicapped. The authors of the great successes of ten or fifteen years ago did not fit stars; they made them. What modern star, think you, would produce *Jim the Penman* were it a new play? They would all take the same view—"the other parts are too strong." Hence, as a general rule, we have top-heavy



E. H. SOTHERN AND CECILIA LOFTUS IN "THE PROUD PRINCE"

affairs constructed simply and solely to give a single actor or actress opportunity. Stage people who are husband and wife separate — professionally if not actually — because they feel that both cannot have strong enough parts in the same play. Yet the "misfit" is not always due to this course. Ill-advised selection is responsible for some failures. Julia Marlowe's retirement from the stage is due to lack of success. She has suffered for two or three seasons from plays that the public thought did not suit her. *Fools of Fortune* was a sort of aftermath of the "problem play," and therefore distasteful to the majority of Miss Marlowe's admirers, who like her because she is wholesome and who want her plays to be wholesome, too. Curiously enough, her part in this play had an unusual fault; it was not strong enough for her, an admirable characterization of a drunkard — a modern-comedy

species of Sidney Carton — by Frank Worthing, being the chief triumph.

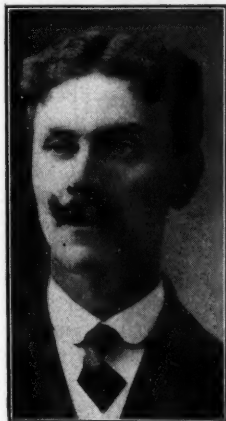
THE Younger Mrs. Parling, the new play which has fallen to the lot of Annie Russell, is also a "problem" drama and, I think, a misfit. Mr. Haddon Chambers has made a strong if at times dull drama out of his French original, (to which, by the way, sparse credit is given) but I fear that its playing will be a blow to Miss Russell's popularity in some quarters from which she will not soon recover. Her chief professional charm has hitherto been her rare personal sweetness and a certain fetchingly unique quality in her playing. In *The Younger Mrs. Parling* she has a character that gives very little opportunity for anything save manifestations of mental distress and soul protest; and it does not pay for an actress popular for wholesome simplicity to permit herself



ELEANOR ROBSON AND EDWIN ARDEN IN "MERELY MARY ANN"

to be too haggard, especially when the heyday of youth has departed. And, anyway, one *Miss Hobbs* or *The Royal Family* is worth a baker's dozen of *Mrs. Parlings*.

My Lady Molly, the Sidney Jones opera, as cast in this country, is another instance of the misfit. This is a dainty costume affair with a very musicianly score. Into it Andrew Mack, a capable actor of Irish comedy parts and a singer of freak



HARRISON W. BENNETT,
BASSO CANTANTO OF HENRY
W. SAVAGE'S ENGLISH
GRAND OPERA COMPANY

Mr. Bennett has won much success for a man of twenty-seven years. He is a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and for four years past has been studying in Italy with Cotogni, the maestro who placed Jean DeReszke's voice. Mr. Bennett made his American debut last Autumn in Brooklyn and has since been singing with the Savage company in Boston and Chicago. He is handsome and over six feet tall, and his voice, of a rich quality, has a range from low E flat to G above the staff.



MISS KATIE BARRY SHOWING MISS ADELE RITCHIE HER IMITATION OF THE LEGLESS MAN IN A DIME MUSEUM, ON THE CASINO ROOF GARDEN, NEW YORK

voice, was pitchforked, with the idea, apparently, that his reputation would give the needed fillip for the public appetite. He proved the acid that neutralized the sweetness, and he is now back in the knee-breeches roles in which he has vied with Chauncey Olcott for the slippers, if not the shoes, of the late Dion Boucicault. His successor in *My Lady Molly* is Richard F. Carroll, who will do the opera no harm, if not much good. Mr. Mack did all he had to do well, but he did not satisfy such of his admirers who followed him into his new environment. They want him to be "the whole thing." Ethel Levey, though far more, dainty and sweet than her soubrette roles with the Four Cohans predicated, just escaped the ideal of the titular role. How far Vesta Tilley, the male impersonator, will improve upon her will be known before these words reach the reader.

ALTHOUGH the playwright's lot is not a happy one, he may take courage from this story of Charles Frohman. It is related that about five years ago the



WILLIAM GILLETTE

Napoleon kept a play at a New York theater for several weeks at a loss, and then gave a tour of the larger cities. Some of his associates remonstrated. This was his reply:

"Authors must live. This particular one can write a good play if he has encouragement, but he can't write on atmosphere. I am keeping about even on the expenses of the play and the author is receiving a couple of hundred dollars weekly in royalties. He is independent and I am sure he will do good work. At all events, as I am to have his next two plays, I propose to give him a chance."

He—Captain Robert Marshall—had his "chance," and it gave Mr. Frohman *The Royal Family*, which ran two years, and *The Second in Command*, which was a lucky find for John Drew. The original play was *His Excellency, the Governor*, which, by the way, I thought a mighty good one, although the public differed with me. Mr. Frohman cer-

tainly deserved his reward for his good judgment and kindness. The general attitude of managers is far different. Let a play, admittedly excellent, fail to attract paying audiences, and the usual managerial dictum is: "He write a play? He'd better go carry a hod!"

SOME ONE has said the failure of the stage version of *Lady Rose's Daughter* has sounded the death-knell of dramatized novels; but it will have to ring more than once before some managers will heed it. They pounce on every new and successful book like birds of prey. Speaking of birds, *The Raven*, a dramatization of Edgar Allan Poe's life, may be produced next season with Frederick Lewis as the poet. As George C. Hazelton, Jr., who wrote *Mistress Nell*, is the author, we are at liberty to expect something good even if we don't get it. Let us at least have hopes. The successor to *Lady Rose's Daughter*, Henry Arthur Jones' *Whitewashing Julia*, did not prove especially effectual in kalsomining Miss Fay Davis. It appears to be the opinion of the critics that Julia needed tonic rather than whitewash. Speaking of critics, an English critic who found fault with the gaiters worn by Reeves-Smith in *The Climbers*, made a bad mess of it. He said they should have been soiled only on the inside of the leg, but the fact was that the gaiters were soiled in actual daily use outside the theater. This recalls the case of an American critic, who said that an actor's moustache was "put on clumsily," and afterward was given conclusive proof that the lip adornment was placed there by nature, not art.

NOTE with surprise, not unmixed with incredulity, the statement that Sir Henry Irving and Kyrle Bellew are planning a joint starring tour. It is said that the play in which they meditate appearing is the work of a noted

English dramatist, and is a drama "constructed about the Irish land bill." The story goes that the play was purchased by Irving several years ago, but that its political character is such that it could not very well be presented in England. The character intended for Mr. Bellew is that of a young Irish statesman, while that for Sir Henry is a party leader—whether Disraeli, Gladstone, Balfour or merely Joseph Chamberlain is not disclosed. This is very interesting, even if



FRITZI SCHEFF IN "BABETTE"



MME. CHARLOTTE WIEHE, WHO HEADS CHARLES FROHMAN'S COMPANY OF FRENCH PLAYERS IN NEW YORK CITY

not very true. And it may prove true.

WITH DeWolf Hopper going back to *Wang*, Francis Wilson again in *Erminie*, William Faversham abandoning *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner* for his old *Lord and Lady Algy*, and N. C. Goodwin failing in *A Mid-Summer Night's Dream* and taking up *My Wife's Husband*, a play abandoned by another, it must be said that the theater is a curious place just now. But it will be all right when the Theater of National Education is established at Washington under the bill introduced in congress by Representative Miers. Mr. Miers, in a "whereas," tells us that "the stage offers for the instruction of humanity the lessons of life in living, pictured form, graphic, impressive, complete." There may be some doubt of this, but as the author of the bill is from Indiana, the home of George Ade, he ought to know.

REVELATION

By FRANK PUTNAM

I.

I AM not any more a dreamer : I
Have learned that song and body I must die.

But yesterday I was content to sing,
Down Time's vast hall my tiny voice to fling,

Daring to dream of everlasting fame
For these my songs and this my mortal name.

Shelley and Burns and Keats of broken lyre—
White flashes of the Earth's divinest fire—

O they did lure me onward like the light
That gleams and fades above the marsh at night ;

Their vanished voices faint and fairy-fine
Lent elfin echo-music unto mine.

I was sustained by God's eternal love ;
Four walls of space around me, and above

Sun, moon and stars that from His hand had birth
To serve our own divinely favored Earth.

II.

Last night I had a revelation : I
For the first time did read the awful Sky.

Its darkness fell away and in the spaces
Between the shining stars I saw dead faces—

Grim, sightless masks of mighty planets born
And stricken silent ere the Earth was torn,

A ragged flame, from its far mother's breast * * *
How many Shelleys locked in dreamless rest

Within the icy bosom of each sphere !
How many Saviors rose—to disappear !

What poignant longings, hopes and fears and prayers
Perished upon mid-heaven's unheeding airs !

III.

I do withdraw my childish challenge : I
Hereafter am content to sing and die.

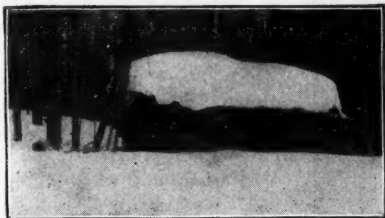
And if my song die first, I shall not sorrow ;
My little day will pass and on the morrow,

Singer and song alike forgotten quite,
Will rest with them that slumber through Time's night.

Ski-Runners of the Yellowstone

WINTER LIFE IN UNCLE SAM'S GREAT WESTERN PARK

By LEWIS R. FREEMAN



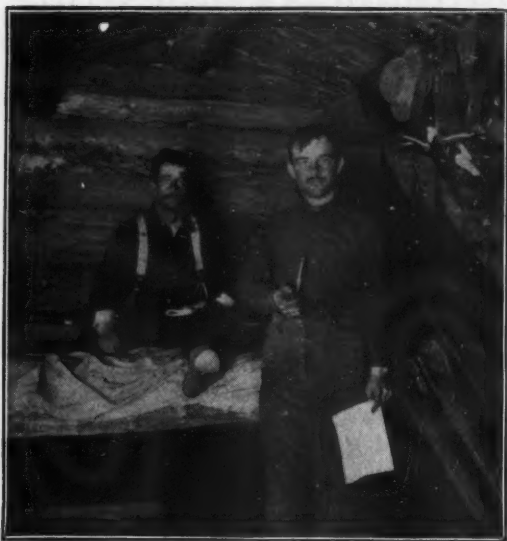
AN EMERGENCY CABIN

WHEN Major Pitcher, commanding officer at Fort Yellowstone, received official notification of the intention of President Roosevelt to spend two weeks of the time allotted to his western trip in viewing the beauties of Yellowstone Park, he at once began preparations to open the season a full two months before the regular time in order to give a fitting welcome to the president. Before operations were well under way, however, word came on from Washington that the presidential train and most of the party would stop at Livingston, Montana, and only the president with one, or possibly two companions, would proceed to Fort Yellowstone, from there to make the tour of the park on ski, taking "pot-luck" with the soldiers in the Winter stations and emergency cabins. On receipt of this news the early opening was called off; throughout the park the telephone bells were set ringing and the little squads of three and four soldiers, snow-bound in their cabins in the far corners of the great reserve, learned of the undreamed-of honor that was in store for them. They 'phoned back to "bring on the president" and they would do their best. The next night a blizzard wrecked the wires. Before communication was restored their guest was at the borders of the park, and

the first mail that the storm-bound patrol squad at the Norris station had received in a month came to them with the president and his escort of ski-runners from the fort.

After allowing their guest a day to view the wonders of the Norris Geyser Basin, the squad from that point relieved the fort squad and escorted the president and the mail on to the next station, the Canyon, whose squad in turn then took up the responsibility. And so the tour was made, the president as head mail-carrier furnishing one of the most striking examples of applied civil service reform that the country has ever seen. From the press dispatches it would appear that both guest and hosts enjoyed their relations to the utmost, the former declaring that he never took so great a pleasure in an outing as in this, in which he proved the hospitality and shared the bed and board of the ski-runners of the Yellowstone.

Ski-running is both a Winter sport and a business among the scouts and soldiers employed in the national park to enforce the regulations of that great federal game preserve and scenic wonderland. Ski are used as a means of communication between the isolated Winter stations, and traveling on them the men carry provisions to these stations from the headquarters at Fort Yellowstone. The nearest of these stations to the fort is at Norris Geyser Basin, distant twenty miles, and the farthest, on Snake river on the Pacific side, distant ninety miles. Along the routes are twenty emergency cabins. Each is fitted up with a sheet-iron stove, bunks and bedding and a "grub-box" rationed with flour, bacon, sugar, tea, hardtack and dried fruit. By their use the



SOLDIER AND SCOUT TAKING THEIR EASE IN AN EMERGENCY CABIN AFTER A HARD DAY ON THE TRAIL

scouts are enabled to watch the boundaries of the park with some degree of comfort, sleeping at night on a mattress in the warmth of a stove, where in years past, before the cabins were built, the night was only a weary vigil by a flickering camp-fire on the snow.

Captain Anderson in 1897 established the use of ski among the scouts and soldiers. It came after unsuccessful trials with the old-fashioned web shoe and the lighter and narrower indian shoe. Nothing could be found, however, that for general purposes approached the Norwegian ski. As each new garrison comes into the park, the early Winter witnesses rare sport in the new soldiers learning the use of the ski. They grow as enthusiastic as a lot of children with new sleds. The favorite slide, both for beginners and old hands, is from Capitol Hill, the site of the old fort, just opposite the Mammoth hotel. Falls? Of course there are falls, terrific ones at that, but no one seems to mind. Imagine 160 pounds of man, going at the rate

of half a mile or more a minute, suddenly dashed to the snow, with two stiff, flat, ten-foot-six-inch pieces of ash tied to his feet and ankles as emergency brakes. And they stop him, too. Lucky he is if some erratic slider from above does not ride him down before he can regain his footing. Sometimes the fall is complicated. More often than not with a new man one ski will be crossed over the other, the first wedged in the snow and the latter incapable of motion till the first is raised. A friend is the most useful thing in this predicament, though several troopers of marked contortive ability are on record as having freed

themselves. But they all get up in some way or other and edge back to the top in zigzag course. There is one now. His steering pole is broken from a fall, and as he steadies himself with a fragment a broad red patch across one side of his face appears, with a blood-stain enlivening the somber blue of his mackinaw.

"Goin' to try it with that piece of stick?" shouts a comrade. "You'll murder yourself if you do."

He tightens his straps in silence and pushes to the edge, keeping well to one side of the ridges and hollows left by the ski of the other runners. Another moment and he is off, riding his pole lightly at the start to steady himself. The ski slip smoothly and evenly over the frozen surface. He takes his weight from the pole and holds it at his side. His speed increases. Now he has passed the mark of the longest unbroken slide and the last hundred yards, the steepest pitch of all, is before him. Will he ride his pole now? Not for an instant; his will be

an unmixed triumph or none. He tosses the broken hickory to the winds, crouches slightly to help his balance, utters a wild yell, forced from his lips by sheer excitement, and then, straight and true as arrow from bended bow, he flashes down the incline and out, far out across the parade ground, past the elk-horn fence and up the snow-banked steps of the great hotel, striking with the points of his ski full and square against the office door. The points are snapped off short, and a bleeding nose and a wrenched shoulder are added to the bruised cheek, now swollen and smarting in the crisp air; but in the full, clear shout with which he answers the roar of applause from the distant hill-side there is no note of discomfort or of pain.

An hour later another makes the slide successfully, and then another, and in the course of a few days practice the fall becomes the exception rather than the rule, save for the reckless few who persist in trying "stunts." Then the trooper is given light patrol work on the roads to report on the game, and, at last, having mastered the salient points of ski-work—running on a level, "corduroying" up a hill and coasting down it—he is given some "real business" to attend to. Perhaps an emergency cabin needs rationing or a band of suspected poachers is reported over the border. Pack sacks are brought out, filled with from forty to sixty pounds of flour, bacon, or other coarse rations, and with these unwieldy loads on their backs the men are started out in squads of four or five, each under the direction of an experienced scout.

And now there is more trouble. Only a person

who has tried it knows the difficulty of keeping a balance on any but the firmest footing with a load of over forty pounds in the back. Imagine, then, the results when the swaying burdens are strapped onto the shoulders of the not yet fully fledged ski-runners. There are more and worse tumbles. Now the head is not only shoved into the snow in the fall, but it has also the impact of three or four swiftly moving slabs of bacon to drive it deeper, or perhaps a sack of flour to hold it in place when it has socketed itself deep under the upturned nose of one of the wedged-in ski.

Then, too, the roads are very different from the smooth slopes of Capitol Hill. They are not so steep, to be sure, but in places along overhanging precipices they slope sharply to the side from drift-snow and slides, and the greatest care has to be exercised to prevent the smooth-bottomed ski from running off and away, over the brink and into the "scenery."

There are times when the scouts, sure in their knowledge of the country, speed off on short cuts through timber so thick that it is almost necessary to bend the unwieldy snow-shoes to get them between the trees. Again, there are times



A TRAGEDY OF THE TRAIL: BRINGING A DEAD SOLDIER IN ON HIS SKI.



CHILDREN OF THE PARK READY FOR SPORT.

when the ankle-straps break, and the ski-runner, with numbing fingers, has to kneel on the snow and bind and splice with thongs of rawhide, on days so cold that rims of ice form on the geyser mouths and the tip of the red spirit-shaft in the post thermometer hovers away down between thirty and forty

below. But the spirit that has carried these same troopers to victory in Cuba and Guam, here also comes to the fore, and the work, whatever it may be, is done, and done as all work in the army is, thoroughly. All in all, the ski-runners of the Yellowstone, both scout and soldier, are a most important adjunct to the Winter administration of the park. It is to the hearty good will with which they have in the face of hardship and suffering unflinchingly

done their duty in carrying out the plans of the able and energetic officers that have always been in command at this point, that is due today the fact that in the Yellowstone Park there is a greater variety and a greater number of wild animals in their natural state than in any other game preserve in the world.

MAUDE ADAMS IN "THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE"

AMERICA'S FAVORITE ACTRESS HAS RETURNED TO THE STAGE AFTER A LONG REST



THE HOME



Photograph by Mrs. C. W. Boynton, Longmont, Colorado.

A LITTLE DAISY

THE BOSTON GIRL

By KATE GANNETT WELLS

THE Boston Girl no longer belongs to the old family-party days, when each one was first cousin to everybody, and all were of social importance. She has ceased to be a "meeting-going" individual in the Puritanic sense and has become a personal compound of committee conferences and college graduations. She still retains a local flavor and always is on the side of morality, though that civic virtue is coupled with her slang.

The belle of "Anniversary Week" would hardly be considered as now in

the field for honors. Always above Platonic friendships, she took things too earnestly and what today would be considered as a mere freak of masculine imagination was then deemed by her as a marriage proposal, about which she must consult mother.

The Boston Girl no longer believes that men are made to take care of her. She takes care of herself. She enjoys comradeship, but not the loss of personal identity. She is ready for a good time but not for intimacy. She prefers to live on a parental allowance, even to be self-supporting, than to accept marriage with a lack of personal freedom. When she marries it is often because

she fancies she can do more good in the world than if she remains single. It is herself and humanity she considers: man, the intervening link, is omitted in her philanthropic reckonings.

It has been said that a bag, a rubber plant and a Purpose are the distinctive signs of the Boston woman. The bag is indicative of her timorousness lest any one should misunderstand her. The plant typifies her regard for home: she is not a globe-trotter; and a Purpose shows her high descent from Mayflower days. Albeit John Alden's Priscilla had French blood in her veins, else she would never have started him on his offer to her of marriage.

But Boston is no longer a single-hearted city; it is a greating opportunity, and with its cosmopolitanism have come changes in its women, that, curiously enough, are the residuum of denominational bye-products, on the principle of the reversion of the type to ancestral forms. The Boston Society Girl, however, is very much like the same kind of damsel elsewhere. She has Episcopal church connections; her doings of good are largely concerned with the ministrations of nursing. She works under the aegis of a deaconess, under the guidance of the church. The giving out of sewing, Friendly Societies, (and no praise can be too lavish anent their excellence) Sunday-School labors, all bear the signs of modified, graceful restraint, of an unspoken acknowledgement, of an authority lurking somewhere. The Church Society Girl may flirt abominably but she will always be ladylike, from the same inward bent that makes an Episcopal clergyman always a gentleman, no matter how stupid his sermons may be.

The Orthodox Congregational Girl is Bostonese in that she has a touch of serious morality, an intimation of the sense of sin, personal or otherwise. She inclines to Social Purity work; to classes

for the betterment of mothers; to social-political reform. She may not indulge in slang, but she has explosions of righteous indignation, which atone for her non-use of an ordinary girl's vernacular. Her flirtations are complexioned by the sweet earnestness of Christian Endeavor, and she is more willing to marry on a small income and be happy than others of her sex. She betakes herself also to colleges and professions.

The Liberal Boston Girl, who finds religion sprouting wherever there is an aim, is more genuinely the product of a near past than either of her contemporaries. She inherits the fact that Boston has been a literary center and believes she can make it so again. She is scheming, daring, and full of devious complexity with a purpose to be fulfilled. She is too modern to announce it as such, but she goes to work to create opportunity, to manipulate friendships. She sees what people ought to do and converts their blissful ignorance into realities of discontent. Then, having sharpened her tools, she seizes upon occasion and lo! new organizations arise to testify to her executive ability.

Usually a Boston Girl is gracious and condescending. She has much to do with men, but in committee work rather than in the stimulus of mutual fascination. When she marries from high conviction, she gives a picnic to her working sisters, and her family respect her, even if they are inconvenienced by her. She goes to college, not merely because of its good times or as a means to self-support, but that she may extract from it the ability to make herself of more use to the world. She likes technical knowledge and practical demonstration so as to improve the Home scientifically.

There has also arisen a peculiar type, that of the Boston Athletic Girl, who has strong intellectual interests, and, though fond of games, she does not

THE WOMAN'S BURDEN

By E. M. H.

(A Synopsis)

OPEN your eyes;
Time to rise.
Oh my head!
Out of bed.
Twist hair,
Say prayer,
Now tear
Down stair.

Start the fire;
Spryer! Spryer!
Saw up wood.
Breakfast food.
Hungry chickens.
Hens! hot mash;
Oatmeal thickens;
Start the hash.

Milk she strains.
Washes panes.
Eggs she cleans;
Mends the screens.
Just one bite.
Washes dishes;
Scrub stove bright;
Duster switches.

Ag'nized peep;
Chicken's caught.
Rooms to sweep;
Fill the pot.
Cake to bake;
Pies to make;
Lawn to rake;
Beds to make.

Mends some hose;
Washes clothes.
Potatoes.
Then she sews.
Takes up ashes,
Lines a heel;
Paints the sashes,
Starts noon meal.

Chop, chop, chop;
Mop, mop, mop;
Rub, rub, rub;
Scrub, scrub, scrub;
Dash, dash, dash;
Crash, crash, crash;
Mash, mash, mash;
Splash, splash, splash.

Drops some corn.
Noon's you're born;
Cats forlorn;
Dinner horn.
Now must bake
Dog's johnny-cake.
Trash to dump.
Pump, pump, pump!

Cleans the sink;
Dishes chink;
Scrubs the zinc;
Chicks must drink.
Lola's lesson.
Try this dress on;
Ethel's waist,
Pieced and faced.

Chicks to feed.
Here's a weed!
Clothes are dry.
Girls be spry.
Clothes to fold.
Flats are cold!
Half not told!
Mustn't scold!

Cleans hen-houses;
Slaughters louses.
Butter's come;
Marcus' thumb!
Tea prepare;
Hungry felines.
Dog beware!
Charge on pea-vines.

Butter stamps;
Cleans the lamps.
Shuts up chicks.
Saws some sticks.
Ten at least!
Now for bread.
Grocer th' yeast;
Then to bed.

Day all gone!
Nothing done!
Tired to die!
Don't see why!
Can't seem to keep
From going to sleep,
And work not planned for
Tomor-or-or—

consider them as the only things for which she lives. She knows that outdoor sport did not begin with her, so she has had the good sense to learn from her betters in other cities and to accept their strong points.

More pronounced than that of any other variety, is the Unmarried Boston Maiden, with the permanent attachment of a lady friend. This peculiar Boston Institution a *deux* possesses high culture, simple tastes, plain dressing and

abundant wealth. The combination effects no end of good, and yet with all its *pro bono publico* endeavors, it has not always breadth of vision.

Self-consciousness is predominant in all these varieties, for any kind of a Boston Girl has a notion of the need of General Redemption for herself and others. She is forever puzzling over the part she ought to play in life, and, more aware of her limitations than of her abilities, she grows morbid and fussy.

At the same time she is reactionary and addicted to fads, though she keeps a fairly level head amid her inner perturbations. She is still beset with the modern notion of the dignity of human nature, and in assuming the garb of philanthropy her apparent coldness becomes benevolence, yet it is far easier for her to be cordial with those she helps than with her social equals, which proves her a snob, cautious whom she knows and afraid of social contingencies which may never arise. But, being somewhat diplomatic, she can put on cordiality when she wishes to gain a point.

When she "gets going" in conversation she is brilliant, though using less gesture and showing fewer shades of expression in her face and voice than the Southern girl. On the whole there is no cordiality blither or more generous than hers when she likes another. "Handle a Boston girl rightly and there is nothing she won't do for you," has been said.

As for her dress, costly, fluffy or severe as it may be, it is never a New York dress any more than her manner is suggestive of Chicago; for if she does let herself "go" in rare moments, just for the fun of it, people are so astonished at her that she concludes it does not pay to be honest, gay and jolly, so she shuts herself up with a snap.

For all that, there is about her a certain atmosphere of high breeding which hints of her ancestry of purpose. Impenetrable as it is, one feels it at Copley Hall debutante ball, in a private mansion of the Brahmins or in the more gregarious afternoon teas. This aroma of a high calling makes her wish to deserve heaven rather than to receive it as a free gift of grace. Yet, in spite of her laying down of laws and regulations for propriety, she will go and do astonishing things which girls in other cities would not do.

Always to be depended upon in emer-

gencies, to be valued as industrial partner, friend or wife, she is still disinclined for artistic effects and is too militant for decorative purposes. She has weight rather than style, reason more than impulse, conscience more than adaptability, energy more than grace, and is a whole social function in herself.

3

A PLEA FOR SMALL KITCHENS

By HELEN HUNT

IN olden times, when the home kitchen was also pantry, dining-room, sitting-room and nursery, it was necessary that the room be of goodly dimensions. One often reads in magazines and newspapers nowadays a screed extolling the large kitchen. As a matter of fact it is simply a multiplier of steps. The larger the room the farther apart must be articles in it, and just so many more steps taken in going from one to another, for they cannot all be hung on one peg, nor be all arranged on one side of the room. And not a small item to be considered is the difference between scrubbing a small floor and a large one; and the large one needs sweeping and scrubbing just as often as the small one. Think of the amount of labor necessary to keep a room fifteen by twenty swept and cleaned, and then contrast it with that of a room ten by ten or eight by twelve. I once, influenced largely by the advice of friends, had my kitchen enlarged to fifteen by twenty feet. It is a very pleasant room, has four windows, two outside doors, and is arranged, as regards stove, wood-box, sink and cupboards, as handily as possible; it is light and airy, and all those nice things, but I long ago gave up eating in the dining-room, because I, being mistress and servant too, could not take the steps necessary to convey food, dishes, etc., across that great kitchen. I have plenty of room for my rocking-chair and reading table,

about which so much has been written, but when I can sit down for a few moments and take up a book, I have no desire to sit in the kitchen. I want to drop into an easy chair or onto a soft couch in my cosy sitting-room, and I do, and that makes a lot more steps.

Next Spring I am going to do away with that big kitchen that makes my back ache every time I sweep or scrub it. I am going to partition it into two parts, making two rooms seven by fifteen and eight by fifteen. One of these will be my kitchen with cabinet cupboards, drawers and food-closets. This floor shall be of hardwood, also the casings. There will be my range and sink. The other part will be my dining-room. Two windows and a door in each part will give plenty of light and air. The dining-room will have a pretty carpet and curtains and growing plants in the windows. Built in the partition between the two rooms will be a set of shelves opening each way, and a sliding shelf to slide from one side to the other, carrying food or dishes as the case may be. The door between the rooms will be one that swings each way, that it may be easily opened by a person with both hands full, and will shut itself, and it will have a glass upper portion.

My old dining-room, which opens out of the kitchen part, I will convert into a snugery for myself or any other member of the family who may wish to lounge, read, write or rest. In it I will have my books, my writing materials, my mending. I will have a soft couch with a number of soft cushions and a soft, warm cover. I will have a round table, where my magazines can be laid face down, open where I left off reading, if I leave them suddenly. I will have the easiest chairs and foot-rests and a floor-cushion, plants and pictures; and when I have five minutes or ten minutes that I can leave my work and rest I will just pass through the door into my snug-

gery and drop down where I please, and do or not do, what I please, away from kitchen sights and smells, and yet so near that if a kettle boils over I shall hear it and go to the rescue.

None of the floors but the little kitchen will need sweeping often, and scrubbing not at all, and I am very sure my-tired feet and aching arms will thank me for the change and rest themselves accordingly. A caller can be seated in my snugery, which has a door leading into the sitting-room, and I can chat with them a few moments without keeping nose and ears alert for disaster in the kitchen, a thing I must do now if I entertain my caller in the parlor or sitting-room, for I am too far away from my work to know what is going on there, unless I strain every sense to keep track of it, and then I don't always know until something has burned so badly that the odor penetrates through all that distance. The only other alternative is to entertain my caller in the kitchen, a thing I very much dislike to do.

No more big kitchens for me while I am obliged to do all my own housekeeping. They would be nice enough for a servant who spent all her time there, and had no steps to take in any other part of the house; but for the mistress and maid combined, by all means give us the small, compact kitchen. Have due regard to the placing of stove, sink, table and cupboard, that no more steps be taken in going from one to another than necessary.

It is strange that women will not use their brains to save their heels more, but there are very many who never seem to think that it is the ceaseless going to and fro that tires one so. I once knew a woman who always set her wash-bench in front of a certain east window and pumped and carried all the water for washing the whole length of a twenty-four-foot room from her sink and pump on the west side, when she might just as

well have set her bench so close to the sink that the water could have been dipped from one to the other. She did this for years, as long as she lived, in fact, in spite of the many facetious remarks made to her by her family and others. She was a sickly woman, always complaining of a weak back; and I did not wonder in the least at it. I should have wondered more if her back had been strong.

A HARMONY CURE FOR THE BLUES

By EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN

IF you, dear people, young and old, would make more use of music, there would be fewer cases of blues!

"Can't sing," you say—then whistle! Everybody can attempt one or the other, and, for happiness' sake, do one or both. I know a college girl who cannot carry a tune to save her life, never attempts to sing a note, yet at any time of day can be heard her cheery whistle. The discords are pardonable, because the happiness of her heart is irresistible. Work goes on easier, lightened by the language of harmonious sound. Two little girls of my acquaintance always wash dishes to the strains of a merry tune.

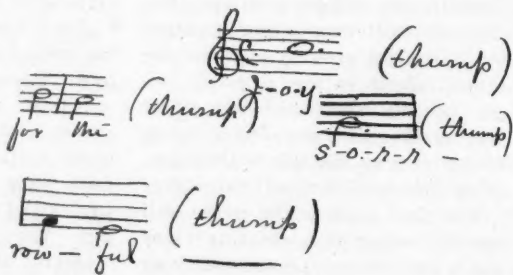
Aunt Faith believed that babies should go to bed and to sleep "like folks, without the fol-de-rol of rocking and singing." Wee Marjory, disagreeing with the maternal ideas, usually expressed her disapproval in a series of ear-splitting falsettoes. Uncle Avery would stand it as long as he could. Thrusting his good-natured face in at the door, with his inimitable drawl, he would inquire anxiously:

"Ba-a-be goin' to sleep, M-a-a?"

Receiving no discouragement, he would venture boldly in and throw his old wool hat in the corner, with a coaxing—"Co-o-me, my ba-a-be, to m-e-e!"

Gently snuggling the screaming mite in his strong arms, he would tilt back and forth, in a wooden chair, without rockers, and would—pardon me,—I nearly said—sing! Uncle Avery always chose the same long-meter hymn to sing to the baby; perhaps because he thought it most befitted the occasion; more likely because he could think of no other.

Opening his capacious mouth—oh, Mars and Jupiter!—what a succession of noises would issue therefrom. Beginning on a high note, he would keep time with the thump of the chair legs on the floor, something after this fashion:



And, believe me, in less than ten minutes that infant would be fast asleep.

Music is everywhere about us, waiting for expression. All Nature speaks in the rhythm of melody. The fields of waving grass,—the leaves on the trees,—the sighing of the wind,—the murmur of the brook,—all make known to the ear that can hear, their part in the glorious symphony of sound.

"Music is God's medicine!" So said a great physician. Its therapeutic power, if better understood, would be adapted satisfactorily to solve difficult problems. Many nervous diseases are completely controlled by the caressing influence of the "heavenly maid." Melody appeals to our "younger



Photograph by Mrs. C. W. Boynton, Longmont, Colorado.

A BOY AND HIS PETS

brothers," as well as humans. Incidents are on record where the wild animals of the forest forgot their savage instincts and left unharmed their intended victims, under the sway of its miraculous power.

Music dispels fear. A mother and daughter were left at home alone at night in a wild and dangerous region. Wheels were heard. Listening anxiously, they fearfully waited whoever might be coming at that late hour. A cheery whistle reassured them. They said to each other that no person coming with ill intent would send ahead so blithe a messenger.

Harmony diffuses happiness in the domestic circle. What more beautiful picture than the family group about the piano? The counting-house cares filter away from Father's mind, under the magical witchery of the old-time ballads,—of *Annie Laurie*, *Bonny Doone* or *Donald*, *Donald*, *Tender and True*. Grandma smiles as the peaceful strains of her favorite hymn waft her fancy to the New Jerusalem. The anxious worries drop from Mother's heart as joyous notes of the gospel songs ring out, and Baby crows and claps his hands with delight over rollicking, rag-time rig-a-jig.

A second-hand organ, paid for in installments, is a better investment for a family where there are young people than cigarettes, theater tickets, flimsy lace and cheap jewelry. They might better live on two meals a day till a musical instrument is theirs. Music soothes the sorrowful, strengthens the weak, revives the drooping, brings harmony out of discord, elevates the spiritual nature, makes life better to live, and death easier to face.

Did you ever read the story of the poor woman who was dying on a western prairie, and who "so longed," she said, "for jest one bit 'o music, like I used to hear out home, afore I go. John can't sing, nor any o' the children," she

wailed, and then implored,—“Oh Lord, don't let me die in this 'ere lonesome way. Jest one psalm-tune, Lord, or suthin' like it, an' then I'm ready.”

Afar in the distance, her little girl espied a white-covered emigrant wagon, slowly nearing, through the trackless waste. Speeding to meet it, love for her mother overcoming fear, the child came up and thus breathlessly accosted the astonished travelers:

“Oh, please, kin any of ye sing?” My Ma is so sick, an' wants some music to die by,” she bravely cried, the hot tears rolling down her cheeks.

“What in time does th' young-un mean?” not unkindly growled the black-bearded driver, halting.

“I know what she means,” said the pale young man of the party, who had read of the heart-hunger of the prairie-bound lives. Seizing a battered accordion, he alighted.

“Your mother is very bad, little girl?” he kindly questioned.

“Oh yes sir, and please hurry, if ye kin sing,” she sobbed; “none o' we uns knows how! Ma's been sick ever and ever so long, and cries so much to hear some real music, suthin' 'sides th' groanin' o' th' wind, 'fore she dies,” she confided sorrowfully, while hand-in-hand they hastened toward the rough cabin.

As the last rays of the sun sank from sight, to the notes of the battered accordion was joined the clear tenor of the young man in the grand old familiar—

“Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on;

Keep Thou my feet;

I do not ask to see the distant scene;

One step enough for me.”

And the longing, hungering soul, which had lingered to listen, fluttered forth, upborne on the wings of Harmony.

Books As I Find Them

By KATE SANBORN

AUTHOR OF "THE SUNSHINE CALENDAR," ETC.

AS Thomas Bailey Aldrich remarks in his *Note-Book*: "American humor is nearly as ephemeral as the flowers that bloom in the Spring. Each generation has its own crop, and, as a rule, insists on cultivating a new kind." So I wonder how *Phoenixiana*, by Lieutenant George H. Derby, recently revived by D. Appleton & Co., will go as a *rechauffe*. I own a dog-eared copy of the first edition published in 1885, which has been a source of unadulterated joy to many. To me, Derby's *Lectures on Astronomy* are as good as ever. He says: "Though the sun is usually termed and considered the luminary of day, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that it certainly has been seen in the night. A scientific friend of ours from New England (Mr. R. W. Emerson), while traveling through the northern part of Norway with a cargo of tinware, on the twentyfirst of June, 1836, distinctly saw the Sun in all its majesty, shining at midnight! In fact, shining all night! Emerson is not what you would

call a superstitious man, by any means — but he left!"

The style is odd and diverting and no one can be disappointed in Squibob, either as a new acquaintance or an old friend. Derby's father was a Salem man from whom his wife separated, and he inherited his wit from her. It is a tradition that she named her pigs for the ministers of the town. Always erratic,

Derby as a boy was turned out of school in Concord, Massachusetts, and soon after became a clerk in the post-office. Here he was more lazy and audacious, and he would be lounging on the counter when a little girl would walk in and ask timidly if there was a letter for Father. Derby, raising himself nonchantly on his elbow, would reply: "No, there is no letter for your father, and there never will be, so don't come any more!" One of his saucy jokes caused his exile to San Diego, but no punishment or dullness of surroundings could crush his love of fun or subdue his effervescent



FROM "PHOENIXIANA," BY GEORGE H. DERBY



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

spirits. A literary friend thinks that Bret Harte was indebted to Derby for some of his inspiration, but this does not strike me as probable.

MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH in *Ponkapog Papers* gives out something entirely different from anything he has ever presented to the public. We all love and admire his dainty poems; his novels are delightful; his *Story of a Bad Boy* could not be better. And now he has most generously offered to us, his faithful friends and admirers,

"Leaves from a Note-Book," "Asides," and a critical study of Robert Herrick, a lyric poet of more than 300 years ago.

As we can gaze without rudeness, through Mr. Kobbe's literary telescope, upon the histrionic stars, so now we are generously permitted to turn over the leaves of a private note-book, which reveals the cheerful cynicism and philosophic humor of one of the most charming personalities of our author-land today.

Listen a minute:

"Dialect, tempered with slang, is an admirable medium of communication between persons who have nothing to say and persons who would not care for anything properly said."

"Civilization is the lamb's skin in which barbarism masquerades."

"After a debauch of a thunder-shower, the weather takes the pledge, and signs it with a rainbow." (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston: \$1.*)

PORTRAITS of the Sixties, by Justin McCarthy, (Harper's, New York: \$2.) is a most valuable and interesting volume. The author has drawn entirely from his own impressions and experiences, and he knew all the prominent men and women of that time and was

intimately associated with many. He takes seventy-five photos of these friends and talks in a brilliant way of each. Few could do that, but to him it seems as easy as chatting at a dinner-table. Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, Richard Owen, John Bright, Ruskin, Goldwin Smith, and all that notable set are of the number. A few favorites are honored with a whole chapter, as Dickens, whose many-sided genius and versatility he marvels at. "Dickens was able to make himself a master of any craft to which he applied his mind and his energies. The quickest and most accurate reporter of his time in the House of Commons gallery. Several leading actors of his time said he could make himself a place and a proud one among the highest of the theatrical profession. And he was regarded as the most capable amateur actor in England. He was superb as an after-dinner speaker; the greatest master of that modern form of eloquence I ever remember to have heard. I have never heard any public reader who could display a dramatic vividness, variety, and power such as Dickens could show at all times when before a great audience. A master also of the eloquence which belongs to the public platform; a thoroughly successful editor and the first editor of 'The Daily News.'"

Mr. McCarthy as historian, essayist, journalist and raconteur was appreciated and admired by many of these great lights, and received as a

friend, so there is nothing of the Boswell in his pen-pictures. If, after enjoying this friendly gossip, you would like to recall Paris in the sixties, you will find this has been well done for you by another journalist, Anthony B. North Peat, correspondent from Paris of the London Morning Star and the Yorkshire Post. Selected letters have been arranged under the title "Gossip from Paris During the Second Empire," and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.50.

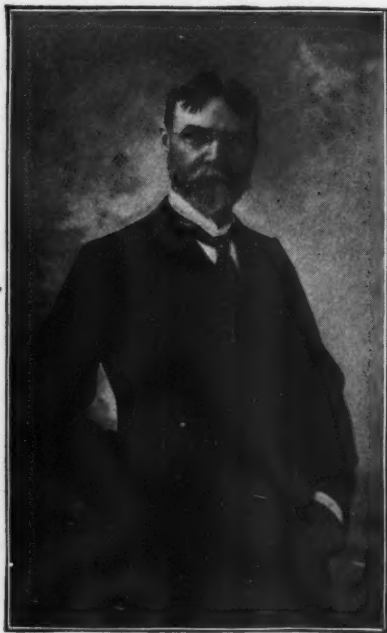
I HAVE received two books especially upon children — *World's Children*, drawn and colored by Mortimer Menpes and the text by Miss Dorothy Menpes, who in her photo looks very like a



MISS DOROTHY MENPES, AUTHOR OF "WORLD'S CHILDREN"

grown-up child. All the world's types are presented, even to the Cingalese and Moorish. The titles show the style of the pictures: "English May Blossoms;" "Lilac Sunbonnet;" "French, On the Beach at Trouville;" "Breton;" "Market Day;" "Swiss;" "A Baby of Inter-laken." A beautiful gift book where there are children. (*Adam and Charles Black, London.*)

Alice Meynell gives a study of children as painted or sculptured by the old masters of Italy, selecting, of course, those artists who stand highest in their specialty. And yet Mrs. Meynell says that while an infantine figure was the very center of their attention, and that figure of one Child, yet they seldom made the child childlike. We all know the unnatural babe with scallops of fat legs and arms and a strangely mature on face. (*Children of the Old Masters, Italian School; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.*)



JEROME HART OF SAN FRANCISCO

TWO *Argonauts in Spain*, by Jerome Hart. (*Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.* Fully illustrated). Jerome Hart of San Francisco has been to Spain on a hurried, hustling trip and wrote back to his paper, *The Argonaut*, his look-and-run impressions. Now it is unusual for such slap-dash letters to be worth putting into permanent shape; but when Jerome Hart goes anywhere for a rest and a write-up, may I never fail to read what he says. He has a practical nature brightened by real humor; his worldly experience tempers his enthusiasms and no matter how fast he travels or how quickly he "does" a cathedral, the Alhambra or a bull-fight, we are carried right along and see it all as if with him. He was urged by fellow travelers on the Rivera not to go to Spain. "They told us terrible tales of fierce brigands, persistent beggars, stone-throwing urchins, of omnipresent oil, slovenly slaveys, unclean hotels, extortionate railroad fares, slow railway trains and exasperating custom-houses."

What he did find you will surely want to know. The naive way in which Spaniards look on bull-fighting is evidenced by the fact that a bull-fight was once given in Madrid for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

His most amazing story is about the gymnastics and somersaults of the Giralda bell-ringers. I believe, or try to, because Jerome says so; but—. As he left the aged and blind man, once a bell-ringer himself he said, "*Hasta la mañana*," but was corrected: "Do not say till tomorrow; tomorrow might not come. Say always "*Hasta otra vez*—until another time."

So says

Nate Sanborn



WEST SIDE MILLING DISTRICT OF MINNEAPOLIS

Minneapolis, the Beautiful City

By GRACE FARRINGTON GRAY

TWO centuries have passed since Father Hennepin discovered the Falls of St. Anthony. Yet it is less than half a century since Minneapolis was founded on the site. It is hard to realize that only fifty years ago indian wigwams stood where the great grain elevators now loom into the sky.

Of course Minneapolis had her pioneer period, and it was a stirring, strenuous time, a time of log-cabins and hardships, of severe Winters and indian uprisings. But the pioneers were sturdy men, men drawn from the best blood of the country. And the foundations were laid.

The nucleus of Minneapolis was an old government saw-mill, built at the falls, on the east bank of the river, to supply lumber to Fort Snelling. About this ancient landmark grew up the village of St. Anthony. The town of Minneapolis, which sprang up on the west bank, soon outstripped it and the two cities were at length merged.

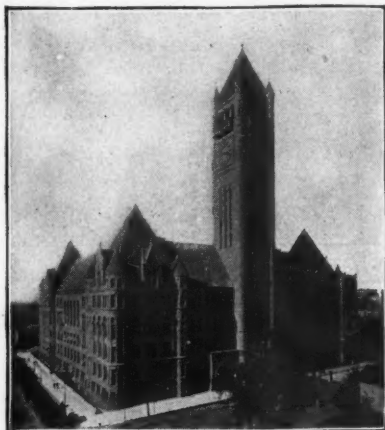
The infancy of Minneapolis was brief. A great city was, from the natural advantages of the site, predestined. There were the rich, fertile prairies only waiting the touch of man to blossom into fields

of wheat; there were the falls ready to be harnessed to grind the grain to flour; there were the forests of white pine awaiting the axe of the woodsman; there was the Mississippi's highway to the sea. The spot was the natural outlet for the wealth of the upper Mississippi to the ports of the world.

The transformation has been wrought. Today there stands at St. Anthony's Falls, on the burnt-out campfires of the Dakotahs, a great city. In less than fifty years from its founding, Minneapolis has become the greatest grain market and the greatest flour and lumber manufacturing point on the globe.

But Minneapolis has another claim to distinction—her natural beauty. Tourists have one unfailing comment on Minneapolis—"a beautiful city." The words have been so much associated with her name that they seem to belong to her as a title—Minneapolis, The Beautiful City. And yet enough has never been said, enough cannot easily be said of her scenery. It is not that she has any one stupendous sight, like Niagara Falls but, rather, many spots where the observer pauses to drink in the view with silent satisfaction.

Minneapolis lies in a green, saucer-like valley, gemmed with lakes, and purple-



CITY HALL AND COURT-HOUSE

rimmed with low hills; flowing through the center, a majestic river; to the southwest a range of bluffs; and, beyond, a group of lakes separated by groves of linden, elm and oak. The river banks are preempted by the industrial interests. The bluffs present just the proper elevation for the beautiful homes of the city. And the lake region belongs naturally to the suburbs, parks and boulevards.

The charm of Minneapolis is not the charm of old-world cities. There is no antiquity here. Minneapolis is young, quite too young to be the heroine of a latter-day novel. But while no one will question the truth of Koko's hypothesis:

*"There's a fascination frantic
In a ruin that's romantic,"*

yet we may contend there's a fascination in other things as well. There is a charm in a half-opened rose with the dew still upon it. There is a charm in the flush on the cheek of childhood. There is a charm in a young and beautiful city, wedded to prosperity and stand-

ing tiptoe on her green hills in all her bridal finery, flushed and smiling with present happiness and future possibilities. This charm belongs to Minneapolis.

There is something clean and fresh and wholesome about Minneapolis. She has a breezy and a cheerful air. Her great buildings have not shut away the sunlight, nor crowded out the trees. There is none of the squalor and wretchedness we have come to consider inseparably connected with the great centers of population. Her people are prosperous and happy. She breathes good cheer and beams with open-handed, warm-hearted hospitality.

To see Minneapolis aright one must not necessarily view it, like Melrose, by pale moonlight, but begin where the city began—at the river. On the west bank, at the center of the city, the two main thoroughfares, Nicollet and Hennepin avenues, converge in Bridge Square. Nicollet Island divides the river at this point, the west channel being spanned by a steel-arch bridge and the east channel by a stone bridge. Standing like sentinels, on the opposite banks at either end of the bridges, are two great buildings, their towers piercing the sky. The one on the west bank is the Union Station, where the clangor of in-coming and out-going trains never ceases, and where a clock-tower lifts its slender finger skyward, a landmark for miles around. The one on the east bank rises white and castle-like above its green terraces. It is imposing enough to be a seat of government, and is, in fact, a copy of the British parliament building on the Thames. It was formerly the Exposition building but was recently converted into a manufactory. Its auditorium, still preserved, is the great convention hall of the city. Here Benjamin Harrison was renominated for the presidency. The owner of the the building, Mr. M. W. Savage, proposes to reclaim

the surrounding neighborhood, and transform it into a public park. It is a fitting site for a park—the river spreads before it, the picturesque building in the center, and on all sides the life of the city surges past. It will be an oasis of quiet where one may step aside from the turmoil and look on at the spectacle of the city's industries and the river's avenue of beauty.

Between these guardian edifices, the river slips—to the milling district below—dark, swift and silent. The banks are low, and are shut in by almost solid walls of mills and elevators and warehouses, great, gray palisades of commerce—spun shore to shore with many bridges. Here the prairies send yearly tribute of seventy million bushels of wheat. And here the grim stone mills, reverberating with the thunder of many rollers, each year grind and pack and send out to a hungry world sixteen million barrels of flour.

A few yards below the bridges are the falls. From Nicollet Island little more can be seen of them than a mass of masonry and a sheet of foam. To obtain a good view of them it is necessary to go down the east bank and look upward. As we follow the river downward, the scenery changes. It grows more wild. The banks become higher and are clothed with a wilderness of trees and shrubs and wild flowers. From the Lake-street bridge, two miles below the falls, the view is particularly fine. The west bank is low and wooded at the water's edge. The east bank is high, with a thicket of trees clinging to its precipitous side. The river here sweeps in long, graceful curves, dividing in the distance to encircle Meeker island—green-robed and leafy. The government locks and dams, now being built at Meeker

island, will make Minneapolis the head of river navigation and will convert the river at this point into a charming lake.

Along the east bank a boulevard winds from the University campus to Bridal Veil Falls. It leads through scenes of pastoral beauty where cows graze and the blackbird sings; through groves, parting now and again to give glimpses of the rocky walls of the opposite shore. At the farther end of the parkway, a little stream has cut a tiny gorge, and, bent on reaching the river at all hazards, it leaps down the perpendicular bank, a veil of spray. On the opposite shore tower the palisades. Sheer walls of rock rise to a height of a hundred feet. The view calls to mind pictures of Heidelberg and the Neckar. Only the castle is wanting to make the illusion complete.

Returning to Bridge Square, and crossing the river, we find ourselves on Central avenue, the spine of the East Side. It is the oldest business street in Minneapolis, and was the main thoroughfare of the thriving town of St. Anthony. In early days, the pioneers strode down Central avenue to the river bank to hail the ferry and looked with good-natured condescension upon the little cluster of frame buildings opposite, which constituted Minneapolis.

Central avenue runs one lone, long thread of trade from Bridge Square to



ARMORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the limits of the city, dividing two residence districts. And upon it, like vari-

colored beads, are strung millinery shops with their bedizened windows, meat-

of classic library and academic walls on the one side, church towers in the center, and at the far end the majestic community of university buildings—here lies that quaint and stately residence district which gives the Southeast quarter its individuality. The men who founded St. Anthony were largely New Englanders, and they have left their impress upon it. It has an air of quiet and culture. The very houses seem to draw themselves up in conscious dignity. They are plain and spacious and substantial, some with colonial pillars, some with gable windows, all



THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

markets flaunting sanguinary bargains—and everything else from diamonds to bananas. To the right of Central avenue lies the Southeast quarter, within the angle formed by the avenue and the river, its outer circumference bordered by the farms and groves of the inter-urban district. It is the oldest section of the city, and was originally the village of St. Anthony. Though it has lost its corporate identity, it has never lost its distinctive character.

Almost at the entrance of the neighborhood, like portals designed to typify it, stand two great, white buildings with a scholastic and a classic air. The huge building of cream brick is the East Side high-school. And yonder marble temple with its Grecian columns is the East Side branch library, presented to the city by the late John S. Pillsbury. Proceeding down a wide and shady street, we come upon Holy Trinity church, with the ivy climbing its gray tower. On the opposite side of the street, a brisk step or two below, is Andrew Presbyterian, of Norman architecture, modeled after St. Giles Cathedral of Edinburgh, Scotland. And here, under the shadow

with large lawns shaded with fine old trees. The streets are broad and the sun sifts down through avenues of elms. To be sure, there are many modern encroachments—fashionable apartment-houses and handsome new residences, but even the casual observer would recognize them as encroachments and would not fail to perceive the true character of the neighborhood.

The important feature of the Southeast quarter is the University, a community by itself, shut away from the Philistine world by stone walls. It has a campus of half a hundred acres, and a fine site overlooking the river. From the river bank it slopes to the street, a gently rolling and beautifully green park, shaded with gnarled old oaks and graceful elms. Minnesota has departed from the conventional custom of building about a quadrangle. Instead, the area is semicircular, the base resting on University avenue, and the bow bending toward the river. Skirting the area are half a score of imposing buildings of various styles of architecture, Grecian and Renaissance predominating. The keystone of this arch is the Library, a

perfect copy of the Parthenon, even to its leaning columns.

Midway in the green area before the library stands a bronze statue of the late John S. Pillsbury, one of the pioneers of Minneapolis, war governor of Minnesota, and life regent and principal benefactor of the University.

At opposite ends of the arch, close to the carriage entrance of the great wall, are two contrasting buildings, which might stand for Peace and War. The Renaissance building of pink stone with the ornate arched entrance, taking shelter beneath those two intertwined, Philémon and Baucis oak trees, is the home of the Students' Christian Association. The feudal pile of cream brick, bristling with warlike battlements, is the armory, massive and military, with its round tower, its artillery entrance, and its vast drill-hall. Following the crowd, with its maroon-and-gold insignia, on a Saturday afternoon, we come to Northrop Field, the Olympic grounds of the university. It is a tract of seven acres in the rear of the campus, enclosed by a twelve-thousand-dollar wall.

Cyrus Northrop, president of the University, is a man of exceptional executive ability. He is a Yale man, and came to Minnesota in 1884, in the prime of his powers. In the nineteen years of his administration, he has seen the institution grow from an academy of 200 members, occupying one building, to a university of nine colleges with a student-roll of nearly 4,000 men and women, and a faculty numbering more than the entire registration when he came. He has seen it rise to take fifth place in point of attendance among

the universities of this country. One of the conspicuous figures of the faculty is

Dr. W.W. Folwell, the librarian and head of the department of political economy. For years he has been president of the park board, and his public addresses on economic and municipal questions have done much to educate public opinion.

Leaving the atmosphere of New England quiet and university culture, we have but to cross Central avenue to find ourselves in a different world. Northeast Minneapolis is aggressively modern and matter-of-fact, the houses modest, trim and prosperous-looking, each with its bit of yard and its gay flower garden. Lining the river banks in the Northeast quarter are immense lumber-yards and saw-mills. The river here, above the Falls, presents a very different aspect from that below the Falls. It is muddy, meek and gridironed with log-booms. The banks are low and are built up with saw-mills, surrounded by their cities of lumber. Great stacks of the white, sweet-smelling pine rise like buildings, separated by their alleys, streets and avenues. It is Minneapolis' flour that the world hears most about, but the manufacture of lumber has engaged even more capi-



WESTMINSTER

tal and employed even more labor than the making of flour. Every year these

wheeling, whirling mills, fairly choking with asthma and energy, cut 500,-



MINNEHAHA FALLS

000,000 feet of lumber. Farther down the stream another set of manufactories cut up a part of it into sashes, doors, blinds, furniture, tubs, pails and all sorts of woodenware, which goes out into its humble service with the odor of the pine forests still upon it.

Crossing to the west bank, we find ourselves in Minneapolis proper. From Bridge Square outward surges the sea of metropolitan life. Even here, in her work-a-day garb, Minneapolis never forgets to be beautiful. Her streets are broad, her buildings spacious. There is an air of freedom and wholesomeness.

There is room to breathe; room to look up to heaven and see the sky; room to let in the breezes and the sunlight; room to live. This portion of the city is a composite of contrasting buildings, towering upward like blocks and shafts and monuments of many-colored stone. Minnesota is the home of a great variety of fine building stones, running from the rich brown St. Cloud sandstone and picturesque pink Kasota stone, through the various limestones to the standard granite. The clays in and about Minneapolis produce cream and light and dark red brick. All these are represented in the architecture of the city. The effect is especially striking in the business district, where one may see, within a radius of one block, the twelve-story brown sandstone Lumber Exchange, the seven-story red brick West Hotel and the seven-story Kasota building, constructed of the beautifully tinted pink limestone.

The business district is laid out with fitting regularity. It is comprehensible—a city of aisles—broad, regular, parallel, starting somewhere and arriving somewhere, unlike that celebrated thoroughfare which merged into a lane, and then became a squirrel track and ran up a tree. The avenues run at right angles with the river, the streets crossing them parallel with the river. They are numbered consecutively, so that he must be a most absent-minded man who succeeds in losing his bearings. Nicollet and Hennepin avenues are the main business streets. Starting from a common point in Bridge Square, they run nearly parallel through the business district, dividing the north and south quarters, and gradually diverging through the residence section. Hennepin avenue is the highway of the electric cars and the street of office-buildings and hotels. To the north of Hennepin, the scene shifts and we find ourselves in a world of wholesale houses, where vast enterprises multiply and prosperity sits regnant.

Nicollet avenue is the fashionable retail street. On either side are unbroken lines of splendid stores. By day it is a river of humanity. Under the stars it is a clean-swept aisle of asphalt, shut in by heaven-besieging walls of masonry, and cut off in the dim distance by the down-dipping sky, as though it ran straight out into space. Here, on a Saturday evening, surges a laughing, chatting, jostling concourse, on business or pleasure bent, or promenading for the sheer exhilaration of being part of the throng. The shifting scene is set in a framework of electric splendor. The merchants vie with each other in turning night into day. Stores twinkle with thousands of electric eyes. Signs spell and respell themselves upon the night in letters of fire, and midway up the avenue flames a fiery dragon with red eyes and quivering green body. Broadway from Herald Square to Fortysecond street is said to be the most brilliantly lighted spot in the world. Nicollet avenue from Third street to Seventh street will bear comparison with New York's blazing thoroughfare. At Nicollet avenue and Fifth street is the million-dollar, ten-story Andrus building of cream brick outside and sculptor's marble inside. The topmost floors are the home of the Commercial club, an organization both social and public, with a membership of 1,000 businessmen. It has taken upon itself the work done in other cities by boards of trade or chambers of commerce, and exercises a beneficent fraternalism in the affairs of the city.

To the south of Nicollet rises a group of conspicuous buildings. The massive granite pile with the tall clock-tower is the new \$3,000,-

000 court-house and city hall. It is Romanesque, built in the form of a quadrangle with an open court, and occupies an entire block. The magnificent tower over the triple main entrance lifts its flag-staff to a height of 400 feet. On a clear day, it commands a view of St. Paul, eleven miles distant. The building contains the public offices of the city and Hennepin county. The most striking interior effects are the great courtroom on the east side, and the lofty council chamber on the west side. The latter rises through two stories of the building, is decorated in blue and gold, and is to have mural paintings, commemorative of events in the history of Minneapolis. The main entrance will be a building within a building—six stories of marble, with a grand marble staircase, ascending right and left to the city and county sides.

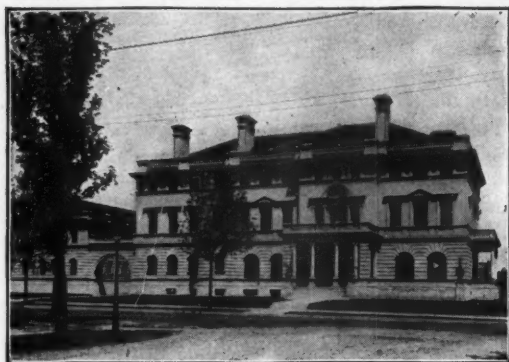
Recent events in Minneapolis have proved that it is no satire to say that here justice is administered. When Minneapolis found a stain upon her armor, she, Spartan mother, spared



VIEW IN LORING PARK

neither herself nor her children until the stain was removed, believing that

not in finding crime in our midst, but in concealing and tolerating it, lies the



A TYPE OF MINNEAPOLIS' BEAUTIFUL HOMES, THE RESIDENCE OF FRANK B. SEMPLE

trussed roof and is said to be the largest room with unsupported ceiling in the world. A marble staircase ascends to the parlor floor, which forms an open gallery on three sides of the lobby. On the fourth side is the main dining-room, finished in dark oak, ceiled with heavy, oaken rafters, and lighted by cathedral windows with deep embrasures.

shame. In contrast with the court-house and city hall, is the federal building and postoffice, a structure of the conventional government style with solemn, sentinel columns. It is wholly inadequate to the needs of a city the size of Minneapolis, and should have been replaced with a new and larger one; but congress has preferred the policy of patching the old. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is now being expended in adding another story.

In sharp contrast to the gay exterior of the West, there stretches upward at the other end of the block the Masonic Temple, gray and grim. Tier upon tier of offices climb into the upper regions, surmounted by lodge-rooms and an immense assembly-hall.

Turning a corner we come unexpectedly upon St. Mark's Pro-Cathedral, stranded in somber, gray-stone dignity in the midst of bustling business-blocks, deserted by all her sisters save Old Plymouth. The high-tide of business has swept the other down-town churches farther and farther back from the river, untill at length they have made a stand in and about Tenth street, where they form a broad belt running through the center of the city for about a mile. Midway in this belt stands Westminster, a noble piece of architecture of gray stone, gemmed with richly tinted memorial windows of Tiffany art glass, conspicuous among them a Da Vinci. Passing down this avenue of sanctuaries, on Sabbath evening, in the mellow radiance slanting from stained-glass windows, the air tremulous with the roll of organs, we approach Wesley, seeming to bar the street with its Romanesque bulk of pink stone, and lifting aloft in its sturdy tower an electric cross, blazoned on the blackness of night like a sign in the heavens. From this central churchway, outward through the suburbs, there circles a sis-

Next to the federal building, shooting high above the surrounding structures, is the Guaranty Loan. It is twelve stories in height, with a tower rising 221 feet above the ground, and forms an observatory from which almost the whole city can be seen. From the tower, at evening, one looks down upon a starry firmament of twinkling lights, with the street-cars speeding here and there like fireflies; before, the river, dark and somber; behind, the bluffs, crested with brilliant residences.

On Hennepin avenue stands the West hotel, a Renaissance building of red brick with white-stone trimmings. It is built in the form of a quadrangle, the court forming the lobby, which has a

per regions, surmounted by lodge-rooms and an immense assembly-hall. Turning a corner we come unexpectedly upon St. Mark's Pro-Cathedral, stranded in somber, gray-stone dignity in the midst of bustling business-blocks, deserted by all her sisters save Old Plymouth. The high-tide of business has swept the other down-town churches farther and farther back from the river, untill at length they have made a stand in and about Tenth street, where they form a broad belt running through the center of the city for about a mile. Midway in this belt stands Westminster, a noble piece of architecture of gray stone, gemmed with richly tinted memorial windows of Tiffany art glass, conspicuous among them a Da Vinci. Passing down this avenue of sanctuaries, on Sabbath evening, in the mellow radiance slanting from stained-glass windows, the air tremulous with the roll of organs, we approach Wesley, seeming to bar the street with its Romanesque bulk of pink stone, and lifting aloft in its sturdy tower an electric cross, blazoned on the blackness of night like a sign in the heavens. From this central churchway, outward through the suburbs, there circles a sis-

terhood of some 200 churches, crowning the city with spires.

At the beginning of the church belt, on the corner of Tenth street and Hennepin, stands the Public Library, a handsome building of brown sandstone. Within are the library proper, a museum, art school and art gallery. The museum contains a very complete Philippine collection, brought back by scientific explorers years before the war with Spain, and before the islands were of any American interest. Since the war, the collection has been studied eagerly not only by Minneapolitans but also by scholars from abroad. The Library is also the home of the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts, which holds an annual exhibit of paintings, and which has done much to stimulate an interest in true art.

At Sixteenth street, Hennepin avenue makes an abrupt turn and the prospect widens into a plaza. Hennepin avenue becomes Hennepin boulevard, and stretches away in the distance with a wide, green plateau in the center. To the west, Kenwood parkway branches off, leading to the beautiful suburb Kenwood. To the east runs Harmon place, skirting Loring park. In the center, at the intersection of streets, lies Lowry triangle, an isle of greensward, gay with tall, stately cannas and contrasting foliage. At the farther end, the plaza is shut in by a natural wall, formed by the Bluffs, which cut through the city for a distance of about two miles from Kenwood suburb to Nicollet avenue.

Loring park is the oldest and most nearly perfected park in Minneapolis. It lies at the foot of the Bluffs, surrounding two lakes connected by a strait, which is spanned by a little rustic

bridge. Beyond the bridge, in the midst of the still waters, rises a green pyramid—a wild little island, overgrown with trees and shrubbery and vines. The shores are at some points terraced to the water's edge and clothed with shrubs, and at others allowed to slope down to a sandy beach. Near the Harmon-place entrance stands an heroic statue of Ole Bull, and at one side is a large grove left in its natural state for a public playground. Loring park stands as a fitting monument to one of Minneapolis' great men—C. M. Loring, the father of the park system, and the principal advocate of esthetic interests of Minneapolis.

The park system includes more than fifty parks, with an area of over 1,700 acres. The distinctive feature is the Parkway circuit, known as the Grand Rounds. The idea is to girdle the city with a continuous boulevard circling from the river on the east to Minnehaha creek on the south, the chain of lakes on the west, and a semicircle of parks on the north; thence back to the river—a royal highway of twenty miles. The northern parks include Glenwood, with its little lake; Fairview, a woody



A TYPE OF MINNEAPOLIS' BEAUTIFUL HOMES, THE RESIDENCE OF F. B. LONG

pinnacle, surmounted by a picturesque stone tower overlooking the city; Col-

umbia, a fine example of the natural school of landscape art, surrounding Sandy Lake; little Windom, sleeping on a hillside, and Van Cleve, a conventional park, skirting a miniature lake. The southern half of the Grand Rounds is nearly completed and forms a circuit by itself, starting from Loring park, and leading past some of the finest residences of the city, through groves of oak and elm and linden, past the picturesque homes of the suburbs, past the blue lakes with their hedges of willows, through the Arcadian outskirts of the city, through the forest primeval, past the falls of Minnehaha, through the romantic scenery of the Mississippi, past Meeker island, past Bridal Veil falls, past the palisades, past the campus, and through the very core of the city back to Loring park, dropped green and gemlike amidst gray buildings and grayer streets. Loring park and Lowry plaza form the vestibule of the city's residence district.

An exceptionally large proportion of the citizens of Minneapolis are homeowners, and there is a general effort among the people to beautify their property. Much has been done to foster public sentiment for out-door art by Mr. Loring and also by the Commercial Club, the Woman's Improvement League and many neighborhood associations. If, with Santos-Dumont, we could swim aloft over Minneapolis' residence district, on a Summer day, we should look down upon what appeared to be a great garden. The first impression received is that of space — magnificent distances. A green expanse of lawn, unbroken by fence or wall, stretches over the plateau and dips to the valley beneath the Bluffs. The second impression is that of color.

The landscape is checkered with splendid structures, as gay of hue as flowers.



THE END OF THE REGATTA, LAKE MINNETONKA

Pink, cream and brown stone alternate with red and white brick and gaily painted timber, imparting to the view life and chromatic richness. The next impression is that of varied form. Every type of architecture is represented, from heavy Romanesque and graceful Grecian to stately Colonial and quaint Gothic, interspersed with capricious Queen Anne and lively Renaissance. The final impression is that of verdure. Flowering shrubs break the velvet monotony of lawn with bursts of color. The old favorite flowers border verandahs and nod familiarly from their gay preserves. Porticos and balconies are hung with wild clematis, tossing its fragile white plumes broadcast among its glossy green leaves. Rear areas are masked with goldenglow and hollyhocks, spendthrift of color.

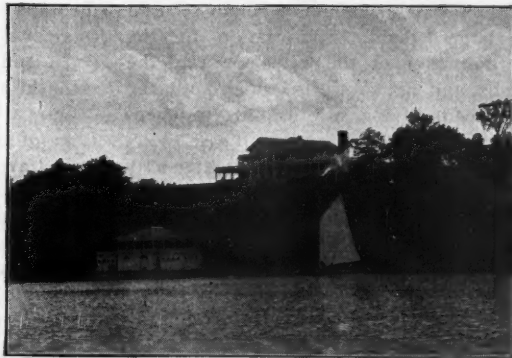
The fashionable residence district is a large, wedge-shaped tract, not far from the heart of the city. The apex, formed by Harmon Place and Tenth street, lies below the Bluffs. The breadth, lying between Park avenue on the east and Kenwood parkway on the west, spreads out over the brow. The base, a varying line, runs across the plateau for a distance of about two and one-half miles. Tenth street is the oldest section of the

fashionable quarter, and is lined with homes of formal and stately beauty. The Crosby place, a representative Tenth-street home, is a dignified Colonial mansion—a type of the best architecture of the city a quarter of a century ago. Harmon Place is a stretch of half a mile of uninterrupted beauty. The street is boulevarded and lined with fine old trees. The lawns are extensive and sweep in low terraces to the street. Set in the midst of this green landscape are homes of many styles of architecture, built mostly of stone. The vast Romanesque mansion of Jasper at the head of the street is the home of Judge M. B. Koon. Park avenue is an asphalt-paved boulevard, with a stretch of twenty feet of sod on either side. It is lined for a mile or more with magnificent homes, surrounded with broad, green acres. Here only the roll of fine carriages wakens the echoes. One of the representative homes of Park avenue is that of Chester Simmons, a Gothic structure of cream stone. Portland avenue, which runs parallel with Park, is, from the standpoint of landscape gardening, one of the most beautiful streets in all Minneapolis. The Portland-avenue Improvement Association has made it one long garden, with a boulevard studded with gay flower-beds and flowering shrubs. Kenwood parkway begins at Loring park, and circles about the foot of the Bluffs to Kenwood suburbs, a picturesque and fashionable community, situated on a wooded hill which slopes to Cedar lake on the one side, and borders Lake of the Isles on the other.

Between these boundary walls lies that sparkling, dining, jesting world we call Society. It reclines sumptuously on the Bluffs, overlooking the city, its skirts

spread out in many a frill over the plateau on the summit. Stately avenues sweep and curve about the Bluffs, fairly overhanging one another, and giving at every turn a new view of the city spread like an amphitheater below. Tier on tier rises a gallery of palaces.

Lowry Hill is that part of the ridge which borders on Hennepin boulevard, and takes its name from the residence of Thomas Lowry, the street-railway magnate. The Lowry mansion stands foremost on the slope, occupying about four acres, and is one of the loveliest homes of the city. The house is of red brick, French Renaissance in architecture, the sides charmingly broken with verandahs, bay-windows and Romeo-and-Juliet balconies, the whole softened and beautified with a thick robe of clinging vines. Velvet turf slopes from the house on all sides, its smooth, green expanse unflecked save by alternate light and shade. Majestic trees follow the drives and cluster about the house. Just above the Lowry place stands the Partridge mansion, an immense Romanesque building of cream brick with a grand colonnade. To the right run Groveland and Mount Curve avenues, circling, rising and dipping about the hill along the lines of



MINIKAHDA CLUB-HOUSE

least resistance. To the left lies the beautiful hillside labyrinth formed by

the climbing, rambling ways of Oak Grove, Clifton and Ridgewood avenues, with no intersecting streets save where Clifton place and Dell place wind wilfully up and down through the groves. A little to the east of Lowry hill, just below Vine place, stands a distinguished group of homes. Chief of these is Fair Oaks, the home of General W. D. Washburn, an imposing Gothic structure of pink Kasota stone, surrounded by a park of five acres. It looks like a baronial castle, its pointed arches towering above its leafy sentinels.

Within, the impression of a baronial castle is heightened. One is ushered into a spacious hall, finished with heavy oak, with a broad fireplace on one side casting a ruddy glow over the dark wood. Ex-Senator Washburn, the youngest of the Washburn brothers, all of whom have attained national fame, is one of the most conspicuous figures in Minneapolis, both as a statesman and a promoter of industrial interests. He has represented the city and state in both houses of congress, and it was his influence which secured a large federal appropriation for the preservation of the water-power of the falls, and his enterprise which built the railroads giving Minneapolis independent outlets to the south and east.

From the residence district the city merges gradually into the suburbs which surround the lakes. Cedar lake is wild and natural—a little scrap of earth and water left undespoiled by city encroachments. Not a building mars its banks. Not a wire or pole breaks its sky-line. It is an irregular little sheet of water, with a rim of woods to mark the point where lake leaves off and sky begins. A long, slender peninsula points into mid-

lake, sparsely outlined with trees. The banks are low and bosky with rushes,



LAKE MINNETONKA, THE ICE-YACHT CLUB ON THE LEFT, THE YACHT CLUB ON THE RIGHT

brakes, tall grass, sumach bushes and low trees. Here and there a rowboat is drawn up along shore, or a sailboat with filling sheet pulls at its anchor. Otherwise it is as wild as when the Dacotah braves shot the red deer on its banks. Lake of the Isles is one of those spots where Nature never could quite make up her mind whether she would have land or water. The lake is sprinkled with small islands, and the greenness of the bank is extended far out into the water by waving rushes. Water-lilies in great abundance ride on their floating pads, and wood-ducks and wild geese skim the surface.

Only a little neck of forest separates Lake of the Isles from Lake Calhoun. It is traversed by an arm of Kenwood parkway, and we emerge on the boulevard which borders the east shore of Lake Calhoun. Here the formal school of landscape art has had its way. Between the broad roadway and the lake runs a fan-shaped willow hedge, overtopped by trimly-pruned trees. Looking across its blue expanse to the hills of the west shore, one is struck with a beautiful view of the Minikahda club-

house, a colonial building with a colonnade, standing out white and majestic against the sky. It is the Mecca of the fashionable world of Minneapolis who come out to play golf or tennis, to dine on the screened verandahs or to dance in the spacious reception-hall with its hospitable fireplaces.

At sunset Calhoun is in its glory. The sun sinks apparently behind the Minikahda, the white walls of which stand forth in a frame of burnished gold. The water is tremulous with shifting opal tints and the woods and hills are cloaked with long, purple shadows. Myriad sailboats, their white wings spread, speed gull-like across the view. At length the wide-flung streamers of rose and gold fade to neutral tints, and a purple veil is drawn swiftly across the sky. Night falls and electric stars twinkle out along the shore and through the groves. The tide of city life sets toward the lakes. When night stays the hands of the city, and darkness settles upon it, out of its shadow and silence rolls a gay pageant. Carriages, automobiles, bicycles fill the driveways. A well-dressed, laughing, chatting throng pours out into the dusk and the sweetness of evening, through the fragrance and gloom of the forests, where the smell of moist earth and ferny banks mingles with the spicy odor of the tamarack and the subtle fragrance of the linden—on to the plaza of Lake Harriet, where music floats from the pavilion and gay parties fill the cafe, and the lake is alive with rowboats. Out upon the water an electric launch, like a brilliant water-bird, circles the lake. From the slopes on the north shore, Lakewood cemetery overlooks the gay scene, its marble shafts and statues gleaming among the oak trees in silent contrast to the abounding life of the plaza. The music over, the gay caravan rolls back whence it came, leaving the lake to the stillness and shadows of night.

Somewhat back from the lake on the

west shore, lies the suburb, Linden Hills, surrounded by meadows and woodlands. The summit of the principal hill, called by the residents Spion Kop, affords one of the most beautiful views in the city. It climbs to a considerable height, through a thin and straggling forest to a steep and rugged peak. Clinging about its base are Summer cottages. Below lies the lake—round, placid, sparkling and rimmed with greenery. Beyond can be seen the great city, silent and purple in the distance, with the clock-tower of the court-house piercing the haze.

Facing about from the lake, one looks across a little valley of partially cleared groves where cattle graze in the long, slanting shadows; across a strip of low marshland, gilded in Spring with brave marsh mary-buds, straight into the golden city of the sunset. Yonder, in the wild strip of mingled marsh and woods, passes an endless procession of flowers: in early Spring, the velvet pasque-flower, the violet, and May-blossoms; in mid-Summer the brier-rose, the wild sweet pea and columbine; in Autumn the blended purple and gold of yellow daisies, Balm of Gilead, and goldenrod. And best of all, the moccasin flowers, those disinherited sisters of the royal orchid, in their peasant garb, some of yellow, some of white veined with pink and purple. And here a great variety of birds congregate—the meadow lark with its sweet, warbling, never-to-be-forgotten song; the red-winged blackbird, piping its mellow lay; the rose-breasted grosbeak, the wild canary; the little friendly wren, building her wee, close-woven nest in the shrubs near the house; the swallow, seeking the eaves. Scaling the gray trunks of trees, gravely tapping, tapping, are many varieties of woodpeckers. A flash of vivid red through the trees betrays the scarlet tanager. And everywhere perch blue-jays, sawing the air with their harsh

voices. Quails scurry away like brown leaves before an Autumn wind, and from the tree-tops comes the silvery whistle of the oriole.

Returning to Lake Harriet, we strike the boulevard, which encircles the lake. On the east shore it meets Minnehaha boulevard, which follows the windings of Minnehaha creek, through a beautiful glen, from the extreme southwest corner of the city, to Minnehaha park at the extreme southeast corner, very nearly coinciding with the city's southern boundary line. Minnehaha park is a great, triangular tract of land on the west bank of the Mississippi, including the famous Minnehaha falls and the Soldiers' Home. A small section in the center is laid out in conventional fashion, but the larger part is in its natural state, forming the great play-ground of the city. Here the people gather of a Summer's day in thousands, bringing little children to picnic under the trees, to run races and play boisterous, out-of-door games, to ride the ponies and to gaze in round-eyed wonder at the sights of the zoo. In a steep and rocky glen is an extensive deer reserve, where the wild deer run at large.

But the real attraction of the place, the thing which draws all Minneapolis visitors to the park, is Minnehaha falls. Minnehaha creek, after running and leaping and shouting through a rugged little glen, suddenly widens and throws itself from a broad shelf down a descent of fifty feet. The banks on either side are steep and circle outward, forming a little, natural amphitheater about the falls. From the rustic bridge below, one looks upward into a vault whose sides are green with moss and the foliage of overhanging trees, save where the white curtain of the falls is drawn across the cliff. Below the bridge the glen narrows to a canyon with high, precipitous sides. In some spots they rise in imposing walls of bald white sandstone,

while in others they are scaled by thick forests. Between these towering walls, the brook takes its noisy, winding way to the river, its banks sweet with ferns and wild-flowers, its surface broken with little islands.

On the bluff, between Minnehaha creek and the Mississippi, stand the buildings of the Soldiers' Home, where the state's heroes pass their reminiscent days at the hearth of a grateful country. The home commands a far-reaching and magnificent view. Below the sloping, tree-clad banks, the river flows black and silent. Looking up-stream, past the little islands strewn like great, green leaves on the water, we catch glimpses of the spires and towers of the city, purpling on the horizon. Like a monster cobweb, black against the sky, a railroad bridge swings across the channel a hundred feet above the river. Looking down-stream, the river flows between two great walls of forest. In the distance a bluff of white sandstone juts peninsula-like into the river, outlined with trees above whose tops rises the gray, crumbling towers of old Fort Snelling.

A description of Minneapolis would be far from complete without mention of Lake Minnetonka. Though not within the corporate limits of the city, being fourteen miles distant, it seems to belong to Minneapolis, because its shores are built with the Summer homes of Minneapolis people. The remarkable thing about Minnetonka is its impossible coast line. It is so marvelously irregular—winding, twisting, contorting and doubling upon itself, that its length of eighteen miles is stretched to a coast line of a hundred and fifty miles with innumerable arms and bays. At some points on its outer edge, if anything so elusively irregular can be said to have an edge, small lakes have become separated from the main body. The surface is further broken by many little islands,



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS

so that the whole mass is one of mingled land and water, its outline looking more like a labyrinth than like any figure known to Euclid. The shores are low and are robed with forests save where they are cleared for picturesque Summer communities. The fine estates along the shores rival those of the Hudson in

the magnificence of their architecture and the beauty of their landscape gardening.

Lying in a sheltered valley, eight hundred feet above the sea, with a large lake area to temper the extremes of Summer and Winter, the climate of Minneapolis is such as to make life worth living.

The atmosphere is highly rarified, and misty, moist days are entirely unknown. This dryness neutralizes the effect of cold, so that although Minneapolis' Winter has "an eager and a nipping air," yet it is not felt as it would be in a damp climate. The clear, crisp cold is delightfully bracing. In the heated days of Summer the city is fanned with breezes from the lakes and the nights are deliciously cool. But Autumn is the royal season in Minneapolis. When the sun turns its back upon the northern world, Indian Summer settles down from the hills and wraps the landscape in purple and gold. Through October and far into November it lingers. The skies bend down a little closer with their sheltering blue unflecked. The half-averted gaze of the sun is mellow and steady as it sifts down through leafless trees, turning all the air to amber wine, and steeping the brown leaves to spicy

incense. Delightful days—the harvest-time of the heart, when one may gather sunshine and good cheer for the Winter.

Such is Minneapolis—the young queen of the West, enthroned in the heart of the continent. Around her, her millions of acres of waving grain, broad enough and rich enough to feed the world; back of her, millions of acres of untouched soil, and before her the Mississippi, putting her in touch with the uttermost parts of the earth. She stands with one hand on the key of the world's granary, the other on the reins of commerce. Bountiful Goddess of Plenty—the Ceres of the Occident. She comes straight from the soil, bearing to the children of men God's own good gifts. Her city a garden, flower-grown and spire-crowned. Minneapolis, the Rose of the Prairie. Minneapolis, the Beautiful City.



THE "PIONEER LIMITED," C. M. & ST. P. RAILWAY, ONE OF THE SPLENDID FAST TRAINS THAT LINK THE TWIN CITIES TO CHICAGO

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—One point upon which our contributor has not placed as much emphasis as we think she might fairly have done, is the strength, the high character of the newspaper press of Minneapolis. In this particular, and it is one of the first importance in every movement for the beautifying of a city, Minneapolis is second to no other city of its size

in America. The great dailies—the Journal, the Tribune and the Times, journals of the first rank, are reinforced by scores of weekly and monthly publications reflecting the life of Minneapolis and advancing the realization of her hopes with, in the main, intelligent and loyal advocacy. The success of her splendid papers, too, speaks for the character of the city.]

ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

A BRIEF FORECAST OF THE NATIONAL FOR MARCH

YOU are free to assume that the editor was humming the old refrain, "There's nothing else in all this world like love, sweet love," (whether he was or not) when he made up the schedules for the March National; for he finds, upon taking a final glance at these schedules, that four of the six stories selected for the March number are love stories. And all good ones, too. Mr. F. H. Lancaster of Mississippi writes the first of the four, *In the Grip of the Gods*, in which a Boston young man wins a Mississippi beauty, as wilful and as witching as any maiden I have met in a coon's age. Harold Child of Virginia, in *The Turpentiners*, a story of the Carolina woods, blends love with tragedy and the "call of the wild," but all ends happily. Carrie Hunt Latta's *June Winston*—most winsome June—the heroine, now a college girl, has further delicious heart experiences. *The Fruition of Hope*, by S. B. Hackley of Kentucky, is a little gem. It tells how a negro woman, with simple and childlike faith in destiny, wandered in search of her Fate—the one man foreordained by Providence to complete her happiness—and of how she found him. Joseph Vincent Woodworth of New York tells a pathetic little story, *The Cot Opposite*, that will bring sympathetic tears to many eyes. *A Charm-String of Talk*, as funny as funny can be, with a very wise and kindly humor, purports to be a transcript from a man's shorthand notes of a conversation between his bright and frivolous young wife and her bosom friend. It is sub-titled *Two Women's Logical Way of Doing a Piece of Business*. This sketch has an interesting history. It was written many years ago by the late Sherwood Bonner, one of the brightest and best-known writers of her day. She gave it to a Boston friend who had a local paper. He lost it and

it remained hidden until very recently, when it came to light and was offered to, and eagerly accepted by, the National.

The illustrated articles of the number range from a description of the new million-dollar First Church of Christ in New York City to an amazing statement of Alaska's undeveloped resources in farm and forest, as well as in mines. There is an attractive study of L'Enfant, the French army engineer who laid out our national capital, and a brisk account, illustrated with unique photographs, of a meeting two hunters had with a bull moose in the Maine woods. One of the photographs, reproduced full-page size, shows the moose staring directly into the eye of the camera. This picture was snapped at less than ten feet distance. Dallas Lore Sharp, whose series of nature stories and sketches in this magazine have attracted widely favorable comment, will not appear in the March number, but will have another article ready for April.

The National's departments—*Affairs at Washington*, by Joe Mitchell Chapple; *Timely Topics of the Stage*, by George T. Richardson; *Books as I Find Them*, by Kate Sanborn, and *The Home*, contributed by the women readers of the National, will be brighter and better than ever. And here let me add that I wish to hear from still more of our women readers in relation to the new department, *The Home*. We want their best ideas, suggestions, little essays and poems, home photographs, etc., for this department. Regular space rates will be paid for all accepted mss., and a special prize of \$5 additional will be awarded for the contribution deemed most interesting and helpful each month. This special prize is this month awarded to Mrs. Emma B. Van Deusen of Cazenovia, New York, for her *Harmony Cure for the Blues*.

THE AMERICAN "TRAVELING MAN"

THE PART THAT THE IOWA STATE TRAVELING MEN'S ASSOCIATION
PLAYS IN PIONEERING MUTUAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE

By MITCHELL MANNERING

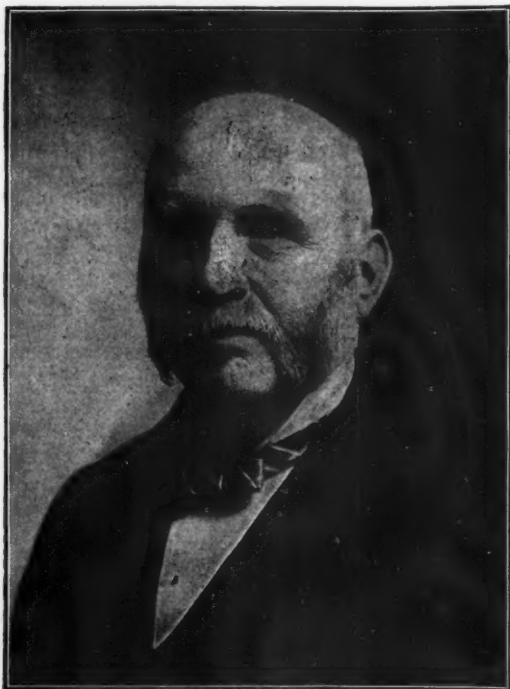
IF I were looking for a battalion of Knights of Optimism, the American traveling men would lead the van. Of course you all know him, that jolly, joking, tender-hearted, generous and hail-fellow who is "well-met" on every trip. The conquests of Trade he leads, with a grip as a knapsack; and who ever heard of a man selling goods who could not smile, be good-natured and optimistic? The bilious pessimists fall by the wayside unnoticed, but all the world

loves a good-natured visitor. Bouncing about on "limiteds" and way-freights, a twenty-mile drive—or a five mile walk—he covers his territory, and keeps the remote and isolated section in touch with city ways. The boys gather at the grocery to hear him talk. The country merchant advises with him—family confidences are exchanged—the duel of barter is passed when the confidence is reached that "that man and his house are square." The keen-eyed traveler

inspects as well as sells. He goes after lame ducks in the same way he chases a "new stock" order. Human nature is his chief text book, and he keeps in touch "with his trade" and knows the people as well as the merchants. The odd moments of leisure in waiting for a train, the dreary hours of a lonely Sunday, and weary wait of long Winter evenings are utilized. The traveling men are the couriers of commerce, and the American traveling man is known world-wide for keen and hustling activities.

* * *

In my travels, it is always refreshing to fall in with a well-seasoned traveling man. He is usually an interesting talker and versed in current affairs—county, state or national. He swings his grip as a bronzed regular handles a knapsack; knows all train connections; can tell you just what kind of a hotel is to be



H. B. HEDGE

President Iowa State Traveling Men's Association

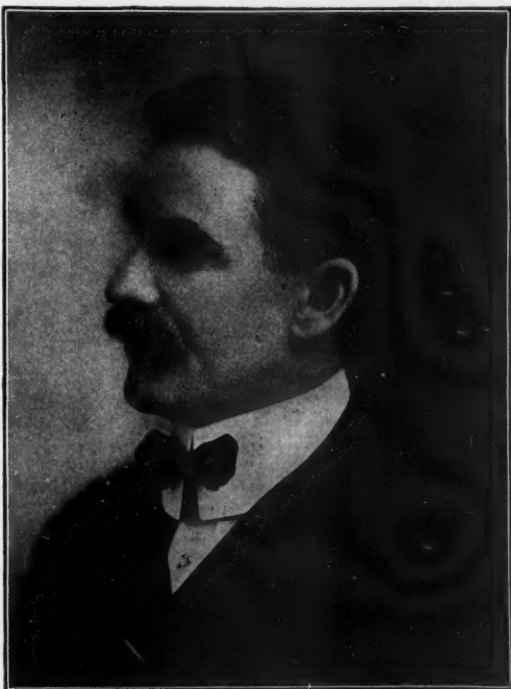
found in every city and a family history of the proprietor. That grip, packed so snug, tells of the kind remembrances of home: on the dresser he first places pictures of wife and little ones, then the comb and brush, the slippers and other articles suggestive of home comfort. He becomes a walking housekeeper, and packs, unpacks, packs, unpacks — on goes his life. The ambassador of supply and demand, the advance courier of the "latest out," the great apostle of hearty good cheer and trade development, the traveling man is one of the most important as well as picturesque figures in American life. Often have I seen acts of chivalry and gallantry that would have done credit to the knights of King Arthur. We are prone to think that heroism belongs to the battle-field alone, but the courage of American traveling men reveals a valor that pales before none other. The strain and stress of trade in these times requires men of strong calibre, — mental, physical and moral. The selling of goods is more than a "trading proposition" — it involves the weal of humankind, centered finally, directly or indirectly in products for the American home.

It was less than a quarter century ago that a young man in Iowa saw the necessity of the hour for the traveling man. He had been a traveling man himself — had F. E. Haley, who has put his soul and energy into a project, to see that the loved ones at home were cared for, as the kin of the soldiers are cared for. The project was gigantic, but the traveling men, with their natural shrewdness concluded he had the right idea.

The Iowa State Traveling Men's Association was organized in 1880, at Des Moines, Iowa, for the purpose of furnishing accident insurance for commercial travelers on the mutual plan at actual cost. The benefits accruing from a membership in this association are as follows:

Death by accident.....	\$5,000.00
Loss of both arms or legs..	5,000.00
Loss of both eyes.....	5,000.00
Permanent total disability.	2,500.00
Loss of one eye.....	1,250.00
Loss of one hand or foot..	1,250.00
Weekly indemnity.....	25.00

The annual cost of the entire insurance has never exceeded nine dollars a year. No agents are employed, neither is any commission paid to any one, and



F. E. HALEY

Secretary and Treasurer Iowa State Traveling Men's Association

the association now has 20,000 members in good standing. Membership comes from every state in the Union.

Since the organization, \$1,000,000 has been paid in the way of benefits, and the association has on hand at this time \$100,000, to be used in case of emergency, such as a great railway disaster, an Iroquois theater fire, or other calamity.

No one is eligible to membership except commercial travelers, who are regarded by all accident companies as some of the very best risks that can be carried. The general character of the commercial traveler is high, and the traveling man may well be considered the advance agent of development of all kinds. The Iowa State Traveling Men's Association was the first of all similar or kindred organizations. There are nine such companies in the United States insuring only commercial travelers, all largely patterned after the original "Iowa idea." The aggregate membership of the nine associations is about 150,000 members. It is estimated that there are about 400,000 active commercial travelers in the United States. The traveling man who succeeds is educated, has a high standard of morality, and, in fact, is a man of high ideals in every respect. The other fellows soon wear out and pass from the scene of action.

The growth of the Iowa State Travelers' Association under the management of Mr. Haley is an achievement in which every member takes a personal pride. The membership comes from nearly every state, and promises a tremendous increase the coming year. The general counsel of the company for some years past has been Governor A. B. Cummins of Iowa. The present president, Mr. H. B. Hedge, has attended every one of the twentythree annual meetings since the organization, except one, and the concluding words of his address at the annual meeting held recently strikes the keynote of the splendid

success achieved by this association:

"We are a factor in the accident insurance world, for we are an organization of achievement. It is a matter of great pride for us to point to the record of the organization. Our progress gives us metropolitan rank; our development is due to many and various causes, chief of which are intelligence, energy and enterprise, guided by a high standard of ideals. The Golden Rule is a beacon light which has guided your officers in the performance of their duty. It is not our desire to be the largest association in the United States; it is our wish to be one of the very best; this indeed is a most laudable ambition. We court the hearty cooperation of all the members in the future; we have had it in the past. We are now on the threshold of young manhood; strong and vigorous, with our treasury in excellent condition, and with nearly twenty thousand members in good standing, we enter the twentyfourth year of our corporate existence with the most promising prospect for a bright and successful future."

With such organizations, the personnel and high standard of the American traveling men is secured and maintained. Out of nearly four thousand new applicants the past year 387 were rejected.

With his hearty "howdy" and his cheery "so-long," the wake of the American traveling man marks the channels of trade. His autograph is enrolled and re-enrolled, blotted and re-blotted on the scroll over which Boniface gleams a welcome smile to the cavalier of commerce—after he marks up a room and comments on the weather, taps the bell and hands Sir Knight the key. Just remember the traveling man has the key. So write F. E. Haley and mention the National, and he will have a "key" as to how many traveling men read the National. Business is business,—and no one knows it better than the practical Traveling Man.



LAST month I took up my knapsack—should say my sult-case—filled with letters and ideas from National Magazine readers—a ream of paper—an extra change of linen and—well, those things that ought to be there—and started west on the Boston & Albany “Limited.” In the South Station at Boston I was accosted:

“Is your name Chapple, of the National?”

“Yes sir.” Of course I was complimented.

“Well, I won my bet! A friend of mine said I didn’t ‘know Joe Chapple.’ See?” He had a *New England* in his hand.

I “saw” and thought of a certain adv. just appearing in various magazines. As I passed the suit-case to the porter he grinned.

“Chicago, Mr. Chapple? That was a good picture in *Wisdom* and—”

I had dodged inside seeking rest for my face.

Putting the paper up, I started to read, but the Pullman conductor greeted me: “Gill and all the other Pullman conductors say that face of yours goes anywhere. That was a good adv., and—”

My blushes were spared as another passenger required his attention.

In the smoking-room the ice broke.

“Pleasant day?”

“Yes sir,” I replied meekly.

“By the way, you resemble this picture in *McClure’s*; is your name—”

I held up both hands.

In the dining-car the conductor whispered: “I just saw that adv. in *Collier’s*—it’s a good one.”

The waiters grinned and whispered: “Here’s an easy quarter on that face.”

Passing back to my seat, an elderly lady accosted me: “What time do we arrive at Buffalo?”

“About midnight, I believe,” I replied, fumbling for a time-table.

“You don’t wear your hair as long as that *Christian Endeavor World* picture would indicate,” she said looking closely over her spectacles.

“N—o?” I choked.

In the smoker it was a jolly drummer who remarked, as he laid down *Pearson’s*: “You can’t fool me. I make a study of faces. Now I could tell a convict or—”

“Great guns!” I thought, When will this end? As I retired I saw that face in the mirror again, blinking at me.

At a station in Ohio there was a battalion of *Saturday Evening Post* boys hustling for sales. “There he is,” shouted one. “That’s the fellow whose picture was in the Post. We ‘know Joe Chapple,’ and he flashed upon me the undeniable evidence. Of course I bought all the Posts he had left.

Shades of immortal Lydia Pinkham! Is this what they call advertising?

At Chicago the hotel clerk watched

me write my name in a scrawl as if to disguise myself in a graceful manner.

"That was a splendid likeness in *Review of Reviews* and—" I got the key and left quickly.

At the advertising agencies there was that "knowing smile."

"Does look like him, doesn't it," they said. "Rather too good-looking. He'd do well for a Quaker Oats sign."

A sportsman with gun and dog, an *Outing* in his bag, insisted he needed no other decoy for ducks than that page adv.

A *Brown Book* young college man intimated that the picture was not so good-looking as Mr. Richards but considerably added: "Chapple has more hair than W. L. Douglass, if he hasn't anything under those locks." And so on—and so on with *Red Book* and *World Today* advs. in blazing whiteness.

Well, I must say that my native modesty was sorely tried, and I felt that I should have to wear a *Cyrano de Bergerac* nose and disguise myself, but after all, it was all for the good of the *National*, and I would get used to it, even if I did feel like a cigar-store indian dummy.

One poor fellow in rags accosted me—"Captain, would you be so kind as to assist—By George! it's Joe Chapple! Do I know Joe Chapple?—well, now, try me!"

He got his money.

A newsdealer on the "L" looked at me hard and handed me a *Metropolitan*.

"I think you'll find it in here," he said, good-naturedly holding the magazine open at the first advertising pages.

I called upon relatives as a relief, and before my hat was removed the little six-year-old boy lisped: "Oh, Mister Doe, here's 'ur picter in *Dosmopolitan*," and he had the *Cosmopolitan* as evidence indisputable. Then, when the ladies returned: "Why, what do you

think?—we heard about it. It's in the *Delineator*,—along with the Spring styles, too." It was surely a martyrsome situation.

There was a *Success* subscriber who casually said "the likeness would look well on a circus poster."

On Sunday I sought church as a retreat, and, coming out, I met some acquaintances, and the first greeting demolished hope. "There's Joe Chapple. That was a stunning—" Then some embarrassing introductions followed—"I want you to know Joe Chapple." And there I stood with my derby hat all squashed, and tried to look composed and tranquil with the knowledge that a back collar button was uncoupled.

"Try and look as nice as the picture, anyhow, Joe," whispered a mischievous foe-friend with a nudge.

"Well," I thought, "it will wear away, and then I can be real comfortable again as an unnoticed Nobody simply alive with the consciousness that the *National* has the best lot of subscribers that were ever enrolled on the books of any periodical. And now my hope and ambition is to live up to the measure of confidence bestowed in me. When the *National* reaches a million the credit will belong, first and always, to the inspiring kindness of its readers. If you knew how it wrenches pride to see the public play football with my face you would realize that we have determined that nothing shall stand in the way of securing those million subscribers. How those advs. were read!

Hundreds of old friends and acquaintances all over the country were brought to know where I had disappeared. They sent stamps for "further particulars." There were school teachers, Sunday-school teachers, old chums with whom I fished and swam at the "Second Lower Ford," now scattered

far and near; the kind old friend, whose orchard was near-by, forgave me. The links in the chain of life were re-welded. Visions of picnics at Blue Branch; the mill-pond and dam; all the dear friends who helped me launch in business; the comrades on the amateur dramatic stage, when Edwin Booth was rivaled in histrionic art; the old schoolmates, and—well, I may as well confess it—have kept it back best I could—the old sweethearts and girl friends of King William days, writing under strange names with a prefix.

Heigho! How the years roll on! Here I was thinking myself young, and a young married lady writes that "Joe Chapple was known" by her father at school, "when he wore a straw hat without a brim." Guilty again! But what a treasure-trove are those memories bringing back faces of long, long ago. Oh, the innate goodness of humankind!

How much sunshine we can find in the Past, even with the shadowed thought of never being able to see those loved faces again.

Boys and girls, treasure every moment of Youth. It is to be your richest inheritance in the future. Crowd all the happiness and sunshine possible into the golden school days. Make friends; keep friends; deserve friends; the best capital stock you can have to start in life.

A letter from an old friend recalls vividly a scene of years ago: snowy flakes from the old cottonwood tree float in at the window of the brick school-house, like Summer snow. The scent from the old plum-tree thicket creates longings for vacation time. The skeleton box in the corner stands sentinel for the "fidgeology" class. The bell-rope swings in the center of the room in the gentle Summer breeze. The chalk-dust in the gutters underneath the blackboard is a vagrant reminder of a "zamplegrist," done and undone. On the wall is a great

map of the United States, with its varicolored markings. The old "pointer" stands in the corner, and the "jography" class listens while a tow-headed lad takes up the pointer and places it on a little spot in a state printed in pink. He holds that pointer firmly on the red circle nestling near the broad blue expanse that indicates the Atlantic Ocean and enclosed by the pink hook of Cape Cod.

"That's Boston!" he said, pointing to the X in a little red circle. Ambition took root, because that lad had been reading the *Youth's Companion*, and visions and inspirations of old "41 Temple Place" were in his mind.

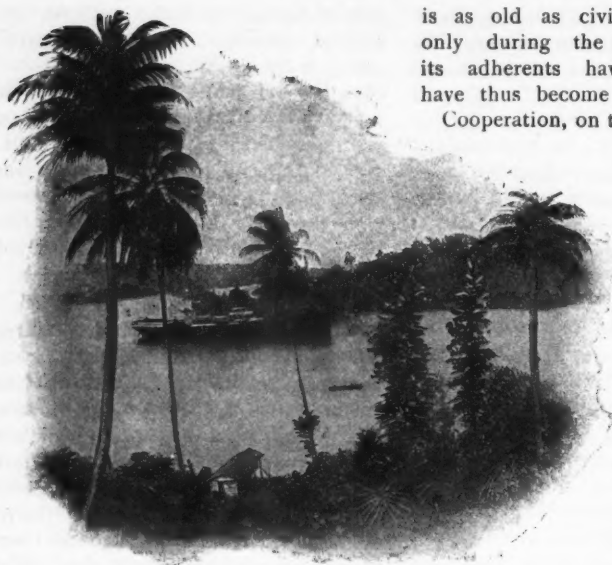
"About this city cluster the memories of our forefathers' struggle for liberty. It was here that the idea of national representative government was first put to practical test and its value demonstrated," were the words of the teacher, never to be forgotten by one hearer.

Where could the National Magazine more appropriately be published?

Every week, every month and year deepens the love for dear old Boston that had its birth in the brick school-house.

There is no fear for the future when school-boys of today are wielding the "pointer" with the true American spirit, even though the pointer is now directed to other hemispheres; for the birth of our republic is an inspiration to pupils in all parts of the world, and the belief is fixed that our boys and girls will be worthy representatives of the world republic and the great responsibilities they are to inherit.

TWO remarkable world movements have characterized the century which has just closed—cooperation and socialism. While the first is purely sociological, the second is both sociological and



JAMAICA'S PALM-FRINGED SHORES

political. Socialism implies the organization of society on a basis of absolute community of interest—industrial and political. Cooperation means the organization of the industrial world on a basis of mutual sharing of profits. It thus appears that, while the two systems have certain points of similarity, one, socialism, is more radical and involves a greater change from the competitive system than does the other, cooperation.

Assuming that the prevailing competitive system is destined to be supplanted by another, and that cooperation and socialism are the two chief rivals in the field, it follows therefrom that the present century will witness a contest between them for supremacy, and that cooperation and socialism, while closely related in their essential qualities, are, at the same time, antagonistic, because both are competitors against the system that now holds the field.

Socialism, in one form or another,

is as old as civilization, but it is only during the last century that its adherents have organized, and have thus become a political power.

Cooperation, on the other hand, dates

practically from 1844, when the first cooperative society was formed in England. Since that date its progress has been remarkable; from a society consisting of a few laborers with a total capital of a few hundred pounds, the business has grown until, in 1902, cooperative societies in England represented over 2,000,000

share-holders, an investment of \$130,000,000, sales of \$430,000,000 and profits of \$50,000,000.

Strangely enough, while England was testing the cooperative principle, and demonstrating its successful application to modern conditions, America had done little or nothing along this line until as recently as the Summer of 1903, when THE FIRST NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY was organized in Chicago. Unlike its English prototype, the American society did not begin *de novo*, but evolved from an established mail-order business of national scope—THE CASH BUYERS' UNION. It is perhaps characteristic of American enterprise that it should avail itself of the experience of older countries, and adapt proven principles of organization to local conditions. Starting on its cooperative career with a nucleus of 500,000 customers, THE FIRST NATIONAL COOPERATIVE SOCIETY has every prospect of repeat-

ing on even a larger scale the success of cooperative societies abroad.

Cooperation, then, as a rival of socialism, may be said to be fairly launched in America. Representing the principle of securing to the people, that is, to the consumers, a share in the profits

made out of them, combined with a system of distribution based on sound economic principles, cooperation may offer the only solution to economic problems which are to be solved during the twentieth century by the people of the United States.

Off to the West Indies

DEAR Friends: On the good ship Admiral Dewey we will sail, and it is indeed a pleasure to travel on a vessel named for our great Admiral, and a good ship she is. I have just been down looking her over, and with her white

step on board, wave farewell, and sail down the harbor. We shall leave from very near the place where the Boston Tea Party was held many years ago, and, passing down toward Boston Light, the National Magazine's West Indies Ex-

cursion will be fairly started on its cruise. Of course we are all to be good sailors, the memorable ten; and how curious I am to know who the ten will be! The chances are that they will all be people who have never met before, and they will, per-

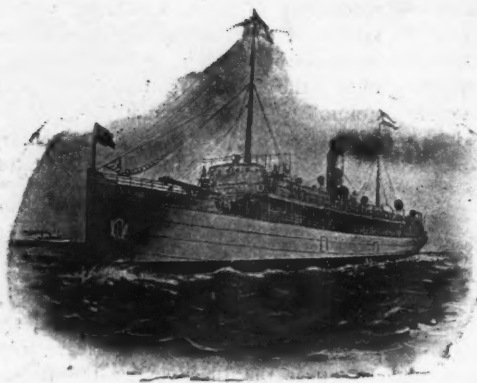


BITS OF JAMAICAN LIFE

hull and yellow stacks, she reminded me of a United States cruiser.

As we bid adieu to those on the wharf, who will come to see us off and to present us with bouquets and fruit ere we start on our 3,000-mile trip to the island of Jamaica, what feelings of pleasurable anticipation we shall have as we

perhaps, represent each a different state; but no matter, we are going to get well acquainted quickly, for we shall all have that one indispensable qualification for this trip—cheerfulness. The pleasure of this cruise is going to depend largely on the congeniality and good-comradeship of every member of the party. We



THE STEAMSHIP "ADMIRAL DEWEY"

have a number of "kodak artists" on our "Idea" files for the judges to select from, so that we shall not lack souvenirs of the trip, nor illustrations for such records as we write of it afterward.

I give here the itinerary decided upon. We are first to go to Jamaica. The island has been truly called an "earthly paradise," and is unsurpassed for its mountain scenery, clothed in tropical verdure. After thoroughly "doing" the island, the party will go to Santiago, Cuba, and look upon the scenes of the Spanish-American war, including the waters where Cervera's fleet was conquered. The party will march up the heights of San Juan hill, probably recalling the days when President Roosevelt was a soldier in the field and led the Rough Riders. While it is not included in the itinerary, I hope to make arrangements for a railway trip the entire length of Cuba, stopping at various points of interest. When it is remembered that this is something like 1,000 miles and takes nearly three day's time, some comprehension of the area of Cuba will be gained. Then a visit to Havana on our way home, possibly touching at Key

West and Tampa, will, I feel, make up a trip that promises every prospect of enjoyment and instruction.

Now have your trunks packed, and keep your "ideas" flowing in, and don't stop at one, for it is impossible to know which one the judges will consider the most practical. Here is the itinerary as mapped out for the stay in Jamaica, subject to change only in case we see a chance to improve it:

Wednesday, April 6—Leave Boston at 10 a. m.

Thursday—At sea. First session "Idea" Committee, at 10 a. m. (weather permitting).

Friday—At sea. Second session "Idea" Committee, 10 a. m.

Saturday—At sea. Third session "Idea" Committee, 10 a. m.

Sunday—At sea. In full view of Cuba all day.

Monday—Arrive at Port Antonio, Jamaica, disembark and take carriage for Hotel Titchfield, giving time for unpacking and luncheon at hotel.

Afternoon—Carriage drive to Blue Hole.

Tuesday—At Port Antonio, Hotel Titchfield.

Morning—Drive to Golden Vale Plantations; see coolie settlement, schools, visiting coffee and banana plantations.

Afternoon—About Port Antonio; sea bathing.

Wednesday—At Port Antonio, Hotel Titchfield.

Morning—Saddle ride to "Shotover" and drive to Hope Bay.

Afternoon—Visit shops at Port Antonio; sea bathing, etc.

Thursday and Friday—Visit Santiago and scenes of recent war with Spain.

Saturday—At Port Antonio, Hotel Titchfield. This is market day and the morning will be spent among the markets and shops.

Afternoon—At hotel; sea bathing.

Sunday—At Port Antonio, Hotel Titchfield.

Bus to church; Methodist is recommended for seeing natives in Sunday outfit.

Monday—Breakfast at Hotel Titchfield. Carriages to 6:20 a. m. train for Kingston; leave train at Bog Walk. Drive, Bog Walk to Spanishtown via Rio Cobre. Dinner at Rio Cobre Hotel (native Creole cooking.)

Afternoon—Drive about Spanishtown, visiting Cathedral. Take train for Kingston; carriages to Myrtle Bank Hotel, Kingston.

Evening—Electric car ride to Constant Springs, and in the gardens at the rear of the hotel.

Tuesday—Morning, breakfast at Myrtle Bank Hotel, trolley ride to Hope Gardens; visit shops in Kingston, Victoria Market, etc.

Carriages to steamship wharf, leaving about noon, via steamer, for Port Morant. Late afternoon and evening at Bowden and Port Morant, also trip to Golden Grove by B. & G. G. Railway.

Wednesday, April 20—Start of return voyage.

REMEMBER: We are going to give ten trips to the West Indies for the best ideas on "HOW CAN THE NATIONAL GET A MILLION SUBSCRIBERS?"